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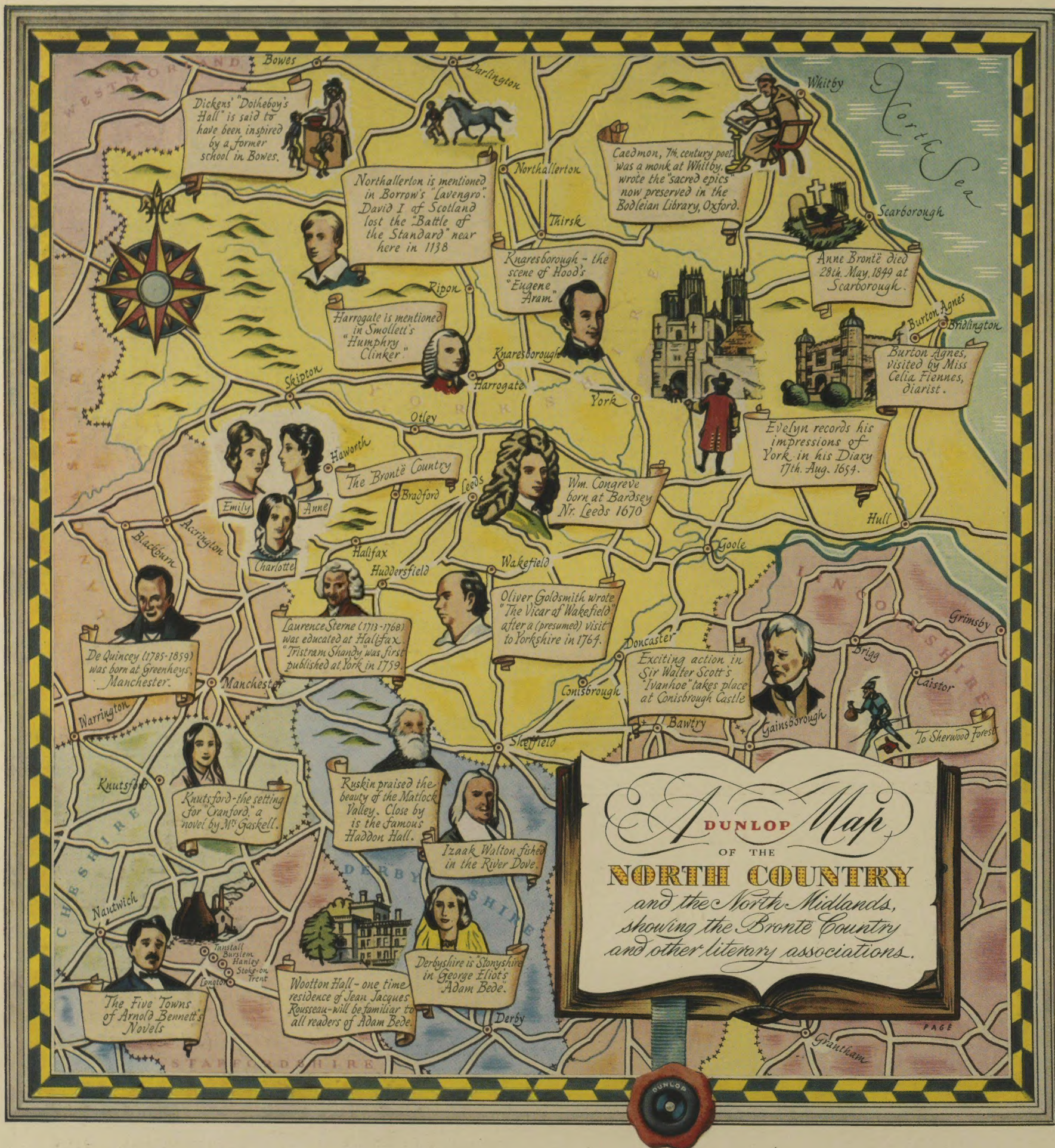
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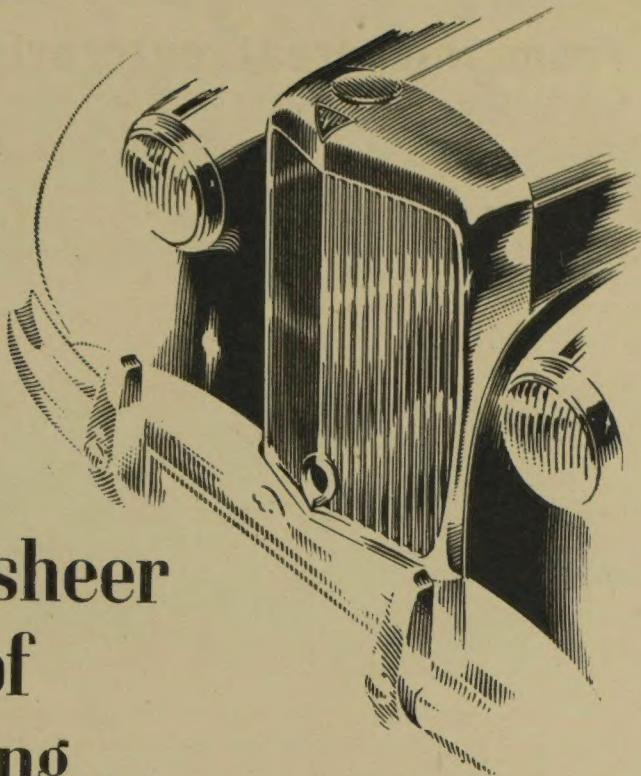
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THE winds are seldom still on the bleakness of England's grey-green backbone. They have forced the stunted trees to crouch; they slap the stony boundaries of the little fields that straggle up and over each sharp horizon; they shriek as they trundle dark and menacing clouds through the streaming heavens, or, in treacherous silence, roll white mists over the moors, wrapping the benighted traveller in a clammy shroud. Then even the voice of the curlew is stilled and the imagination starts at the least sound. This is the land that forced the Brontë genius. Haworth is now a place of pilgrimage, and you will no doubt visit it. But to understand the ancient spell of this country you must see more—taking your car over the hill roads, southwards where Kinder Scout mocks civilisation, over the famous Snake pass, by the white walls of the Buxton district and down in to the gentler valleys, where the Dove—beloved of Isaak Walton—flows under the shadow of Thorpe Cloud. Then in to the plains on either side, where the industrial energy of Britain has sadly blackened their greenness, but where great tracts of loveliness persist to delight the traveller. Today, thanks to modern transport which J. B. Dunlop made possible with his invention of the pneumatic tyre in 1888, the literary pilgrim is able to move swiftly and comfortably in his search for literary giants of this country-side—a land that is stern and gentle by turns.

* A set of the six maps in this series, reproduced in descriptive folder form, can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (D.6.), Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 24.



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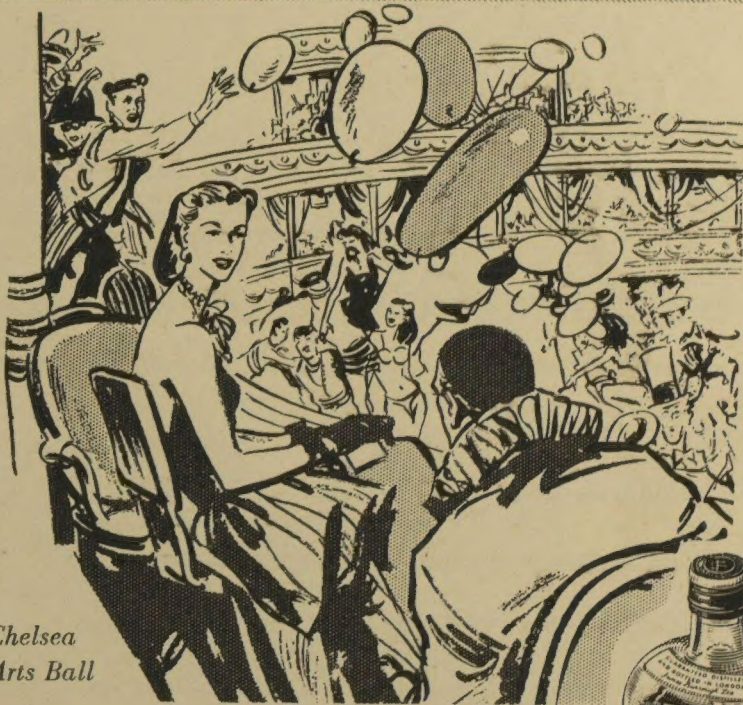
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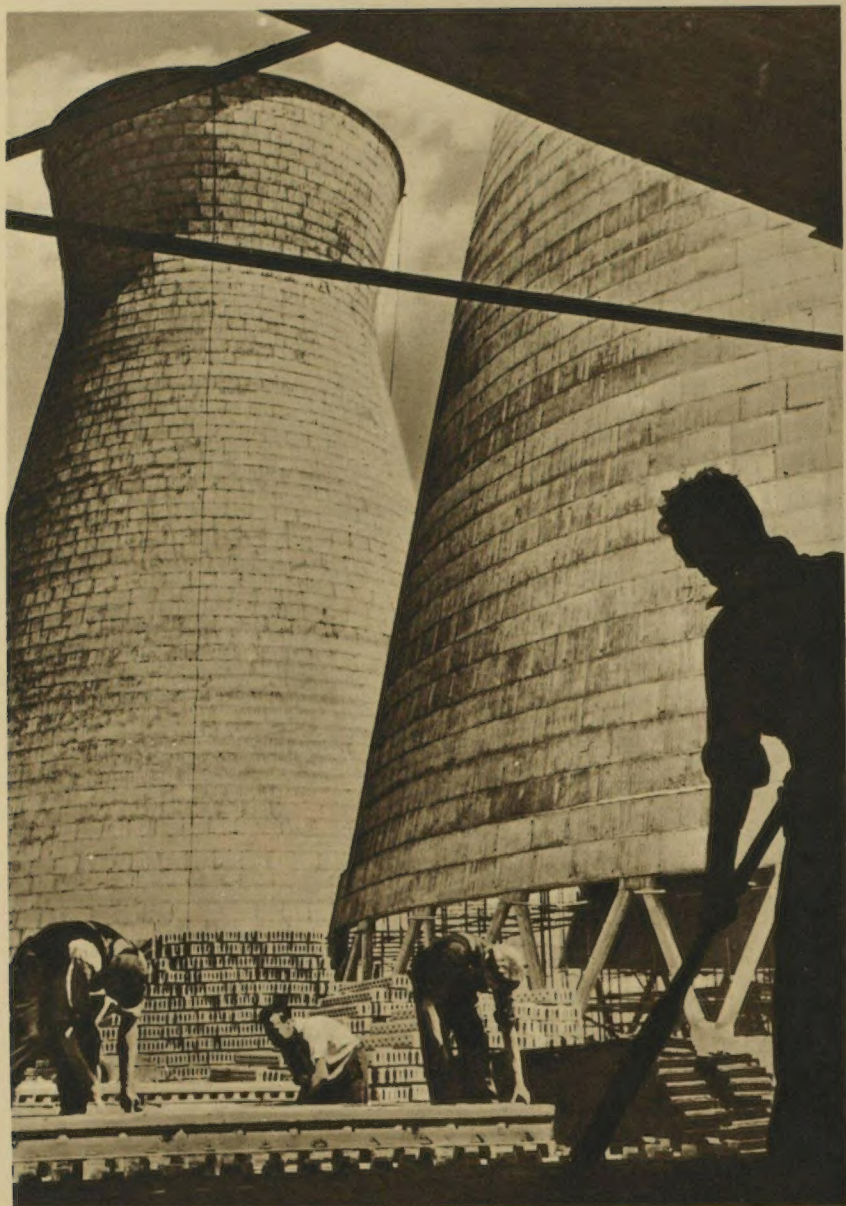
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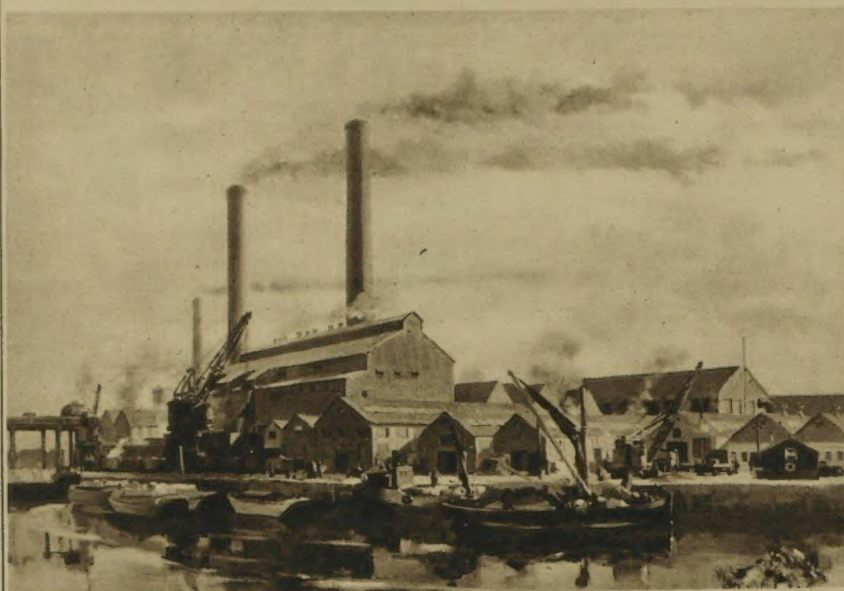
THE 22-million-gallon-a-day "waterfall" in each of these cooling towers at Anglo-Iranian's oil refinery in South Wales is part of an expansion project that has already raised the refinery's production to twelve times its pre-war rate. This in turn forms part of a greater expansion programme on a world-wide scale. Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies operate nine refineries in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy and Australia. A tenth refinery has just gone into production in Belgium and another new refinery is under construction now in the United Kingdom.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1951.



THE STATESMEN WHOSE RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN PARIS REVEALED "COMPLETE AGREEMENT" ON ALL MAJOR ISSUES: (R. TO L.) M. SCHUMAN (FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER), MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER), M. PLEVEN (FRENCH PRIME MINISTER), AND MR. EDEN (BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER).

THE Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, and the Foreign Minister, Mr. Eden, arrived in Paris on December 17, to take part in a general exchange of views with the French before their visit to Washington. The British Ministers spent two crowded days of conferences, visits and talks, ending with a final meeting with M. Plevin, the French Prime Minister, at a dinner given at the Embassy on December 18 by Sir Oliver Harvey, before they left for London by the night ferry. A statement issued at the end of the visit reaffirmed the British Government's intention of associating themselves closely with the Schuman plan for coal and steel and the Plevin plan for a European army. The communiqué stated that

[Continued opposite.]



BEING GREETED BY GENERAL EISENHOWER AT SUPREME HEADQUARTERS NEAR PARIS: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

[Continued.]

"H.M. Government were resolved to maintain armed forces on the Continent of Europe to fulfil their obligations in the common cause"; it ended with the statement: "Finally, the two Governments declare once again that the only objective of the Atlantic community, to which they are indissolubly bound, is to maintain an organised peace." On December 18, Mr. Churchill visited General Eisenhower at S.H.A.P.E., near Paris, where, after luncheon, he addressed 250 officers on General Eisenhower's staff. The Prime Minister, who received an ovation, said that the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation was "engaged in a holy, just crusade, and the victory we look to is a victory for peace."

MR. CHURCHILL IN PARIS: MEETINGS WITH THE FRENCH MINISTERS AND GENERAL EISENHOWER.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most laughable—and for those who do not have to suffer its consequences too directly, lovable—traits in human nature is man's astonishing capacity for one moment making good resolutions and the next breaking them, without so much as a thought, let alone an apology for the lapse. New Year's Day is the natural occasion for a display of this particular human weakness, and who more likely to indulge in it than the writer of a weekly page? Mrs. Gamp's deceased husband's wooden leg, it will be remembered, "in its constancy of walking into wine vaults and never coming out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker." In this matter of making New Year resolutions and breaking them, I am rather like Mrs. Gamp's deceased husband's wooden leg.

So, too, are politicians. They, however, appear to make theirs, not so much to themselves as to the public, which possesses two privileges, the first of suggesting resolutions to them, and the second—though rarely exercised, for the public's memory is very feeble—of punishing them when they break them. And, as a cat may look at a king and a columnist proffer gratuitous advice to a politician, I feel entitled to herald in the New Year with a few suggested resolutions for governing Britain better in the future than it has been governed in the past. And the first is—though I know this is difficult for a man dependent on next year's or the year after's votes—that politicians should try to remember that good government, like good farming, only even more so, depends on men thinking in terms, not of one year ahead, but of many years. For just as a farmer has to legislate for beasts and crops whose lives and health depend on time cycles whose extent places a constant strain on his powers of prediction and on his purse, so statesmen have to legislate for men and generations of far longer duration than their own brief administrations. "If you're planning for one year, plant grain," runs an old Chinese proverb, "if you're planning for ten years, plant trees; if you're planning for a hundred years, plant men." And the fundamental thing about politics—the thing that unfortunately is so often forgotten by politicians and electors alike—is that their proper object is to help create the conditions in which men can naturally thrive and flourish. That is, conditions suitable for men, and not suitable merely for politicians, or company promoters, or trade union officials, or bankers, or co-operative societies, or any other aggregation of particular interests. The needs of human beings are only likely to be satisfied by those who first of all give their minds to a serious consideration of the nature of human beings. This sounds so obvious as to be platitudinous. Yet, though it may sound obvious, how many statesmen, even thoughtful statesmen, give a thought to the matter? Does anyone, one wonders, in the research departments that the larger and better-organised political parties maintain, concentrate on this all-important study: the foundation and genesis, it should be, of every political programme and of all legislation.

So let the professional man of politics, as his first New Year resolve, determine to think a little about the nature of that complex and baffling animal—and/or spirit—man. Let him resolve to keep his eye firmly fixed on the object of his ameliorating and reformatory activities, as every artist should on the object of his art. And if he were to do that and succeed as a result in shaping first his Party's, and then his country's, policy to serve the real needs of man the human being, and not merely of man the specialist, we should presently see, I suspect, some very startling developments in public affairs. We should see, for instance, agriculture and the production and purchase of food being governed primarily by the needs of public health, so that the question of whether we grow our grain in Canada or Norfolk or make our butter in Denmark or Dorset would be decided by the estimated effect of such alternative policies on the health

and vitality of the human beings who consumed the food so raised. And if anyone thinks this a ridiculous proposition—and presumably almost every economist, business man, Treasury official and importer of foodstuffs must think it so, or the present agricultural and food policy of our country would be very different to what it is—he should remember the words that Dr. Johnson used to a lofty-minded but unrealistic critic who expressed the view that a consideration of the needs of the belly was an unworthy occupation for a serious man. "Sir," replied the Doctor, "I mind my belly

very studiously, for I look upon it that he who will not mind his belly will scarcely mind anything else." And this saying of Dr. Johnson's I believe to be literally true; people who are slapdash or careless about their bellies are almost invariably careless about other things. Politicians, for instance.

Take the matter of Empire migration or, to put it another way, the proper spacing of British homes in the lands provided for us by our fathers' courage, effort and sacrifice. Not minding whether the human creatures for whose well-being they are responsible eat their food fresh or stale, our statesmen and administrators seem to regard it as more convenient, as in lesser matters it may be, to bring the food to them than to give them homes where they can consume the food, as nature intended, where it is raised. As an accompaniment, as well as a result of such carelessness, the self-respect and comfort, the liberties and the lives of the people of this country are all endangered. In the first place, they are so overcrowded, and every year become more so, that the vast majority of them have to live huddled together in dark, drab, ugly streets where they never breathe really fresh air, never see anything beautiful and ennobling—unless synthetically in the cinema—and never feel the strengthening, sustaining rhythm that Nature offers her children. In the second place, the congestion under which they live makes it virtually impossible for them to enjoy those liberties which their forefathers won for them and which their political leaders are always telling them are the greatest of political blessings. Instead, they have to live under constant and regular supervision, at its best like the restrictive regimen of a preparatory school and, at its worst, like the embryo of a labour-compound or slave-camp. Worst of all—and this too compromises their liberty—they have to live under a threat of foreign duress greater than any that has threatened this country for a thousand years. For since the days when our undefended shores were open day and night to the raids of Northern savages, the people of this island have known no such imminent and ever-present menace as now confronts them from those who possess the power to subject their congested homes and places of livelihood to atomic and other forms of aerial bombardment.

So far, this appalling danger has been potential rather than actual;

except for a few terrible months in the winter of 1940-41 and, for Londoners, in the summer of 1944, we have scarcely felt the singeing flame of the furnace that threatens us. So long, however, as we remain crowded together in this small and, so far as atomic bombardment is concerned, appallingly vulnerable island, our peril is extreme and continuous. Yet, if those who rule us with such perverse blindness, would only open their eyes to the obvious, we could, in the course of a decade, by an operation comparable to those which sent millions of our people across the seas to battle in 1914-18 and 1939-45, redistribute our population throughout the vast under-populated continents and semi-continents of British Australasia, North America and southern and central Africa so as to render the British people once more the most secure and, therefore, the freest in the world. That is what I mean by suggesting that our politicians should base their New Year's resolution for once on the reality of human needs and, what is more, try to keep it.

QUEEN MARY AS A CHILD: A ROYAL PORTRAIT GROUP.



PRESENTED BY H.M. QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS MARY'S VILLAGE HOMES: "PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK, WITH PRINCE ADOLPHUS, PRINCE FRANCIS AND PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK"; BY J. S. W. HODGES (1829-1900). (93 by 58 ins.)

This most interesting Royal portrait group, showing Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck (daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of King George III.), with her children, Prince Adolphus (later first Marquess of Cambridge), Prince Francis and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck (H.M. Queen Mary), by J. Sidney Willis Hodges, was painted in 1870 at Kensington Palace, and exhibited at the International Exhibition, 1872, and at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908. At one time it was in the collection of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. It recently turned up in a Miscellaneous Sale at Christie's and was purchased by Sir Alec Martin for H.M. Queen Mary, who has presented it to the Princess Mary's Village Homes.



SHOWING THE OLD ROUTE TO THE WATER-FILTRATION PLANT AND THE ROUTE ACROSS MARSHLAND SUGGESTED BY THE EGYPTIANS: AN AERIAL VIEW.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: THE SAME AREA AFTER A NEW ROAD HAD BEEN MADE TO THE WATER-FILTRATION PLANT.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BUILDING OF "PEGASUS AVENUE": AERIAL VIEWS OF THE SITE OUTSIDE SUEZ.

In our issue of December 22 we illustrated aspects of the work of construction of a new road, "Pegasus Avenue," joining a military camp to a water-filtration plant on the outskirts of Suez. It was decided that in order to protect our men from bombing and sniping outrages while proceeding to and from the plant, it would be necessary to have a more direct route well away from Egyptian houses. The route suggested by

the Egyptians was impracticable as it lay over marshland, and it was decided that some fifty houses should be levelled, their owners compensated, and a Bailey bridge built over a tributary of the Sweet Water Canal. The 500-yards road was completed in thirty-six hours without opposition from the native population. Our photographs show the area before and after the operation.

VARIED NEWS FROM MANY QUARTERS: A MISCELLANY OF TOPICAL EVENTS.



THE COLLAPSE OF THE CHÂTEAU DU ROI RENÉ AT LES BAUX: A SUDDEN DISASTER WHICH BLOCKED THE ROAD AND PULVERISED A HOUSE.

The picturesque Château du Roi René at Les Baux, France, suddenly disintegrated, and an immense fall of huge stone blocks buried the shop at which souvenirs are sold, and completely blocked the road to Fontvieille, making it impassable to all traffic.



ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE ACTS IN THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS: RUDY HORN CATCHES THE FOURTH TEACUP.

In the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia (described elsewhere in this issue) Rudy Horn, riding round, throws up from his foot to his head six successive cups and saucers. This stack completed, he catches a lump of sugar in the top cup and, as a last touch, a teaspoon to stir the sugar.



FIRING A PISTOL IN ST. PAUL'S: A DEMONSTRATION OF EXPERIMENTAL AMPLIFYING APPARATUS.

Pistol shots were fired in St. Paul's on December 19 during a demonstration of experimental amplifying apparatus designed by the Building Research Station in co-operation with Pamphonic Reproducers Ltd., to overcome defects in acoustics.



"A SYMBOL OF PEACE BETWEEN THE NATIONS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE": ADMIRAL ROBERT B. CARNEY, U.S. NAVY C.-IN-C. ALLIED FORCES SOUTHERN EUROPE, INSPECTING THE FLAG OF THE COMMAND, WHICH BEARS THE LION OF ST. MARK.

The flag and badges of the Allied Forces Southern Europe Command bear the Lion of St. Mark with an open book and the word *Pax*, described as a "symbol of peace between the nations of Southern Europe." The insignia were recently distributed at the Naples H.Q. of the new Command. Our photograph shows officers and other ranks of American, British, French and Italian Services holding the flag.



ILLUMINATED TO EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: A TREE GIVEN BY THE KING TO ST. PAUL'S.

Following his usual custom, H.M. the King gave two Christmas-trees to St. Paul's Cathedral this year. One was placed inside the Cathedral at the West end, and the other outside, on the steps. They were dressed and lit from 4 p.m. until 6 p.m. every evening from December 15 until Christmas Day, and drew their usual crowd of young visitors.



NOW THE KING OF THE NEWLY INDEPENDENT STATE OF LIBYA: THE FORMER EMIR, SAYED MOHAMMED IDRIS EL SENUSSI, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HIS VISIT TO TRIPOLI, EARLIER IN THE YEAR.

During the last month of the year, the new independent State of Libya—comprising Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan—came into being in accordance with the U.N. resolutions of 1945 and 1950. The Emir, the former Grand Senussi, has become the King and the dual capitals are Tripoli and Benghazi. Sir Alec Kirkbride was appointed to be the first British Minister.



WITH JOHN PEEL'S HUNTING HORN FOR WHICH HE PAID £600 IN A SALE AT SOTHEBY'S: MR. W. JOHNS-POWELL OF CARDIFF.

The copper hunting horn, fashioned in a single loop (7 ins. long), used by the celebrated Cumberland huntsman, John Peel, (1776-1854) when hunting his hounds, was bought for £600 at a sale at Sotheby's by Mr. W. Johns-Powell.

AIR OPERATIONS IN MALAYA: SCENES OF PREPARATION; AND GUARD DOGS.



WITH *GIFT*, A GUARD DOG THAT HAS SEEN SERVICE IN PAHANG AND SELANGOR: AN R.A.F. DOG-HANDLER KEEPING WATCH FOR INTRUDERS NEAR AN AIRFIELD.



ARMED WITH A STEN GUN AND A REVOLVER: A R.A.F. POLICE DOG-HANDLER WITH *LUCKY* PATROLLING IN THE VICINITY OF KUALA LUMPUR AIRFIELD.



THE MOUNTAINS OF PERAK AS SEEN FROM A *BRIGAND* BOMBER RETURNING FROM A DAWN STRIKE ON A BANDIT CAMP: A VIEW FROM THE WIRELESS OPERATOR'S POSITION.



A COOLING BATH FOR *LUCKY* ON RETURNING FROM A DAY PATROL: CORPORAL LAING, R.A.F. POLICE DOG-HANDLER, WITH HIS ASSISTANT AT KUALA LUMPUR AIRFIELD.



FLYING ARTILLERY FOR USE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST BANDITS IN MALAYA: SOME 60-LB. ROCKET HEADS AWAITING ASSEMBLY PRIOR TO BEING LOADED ON TO AN AIRCRAFT.

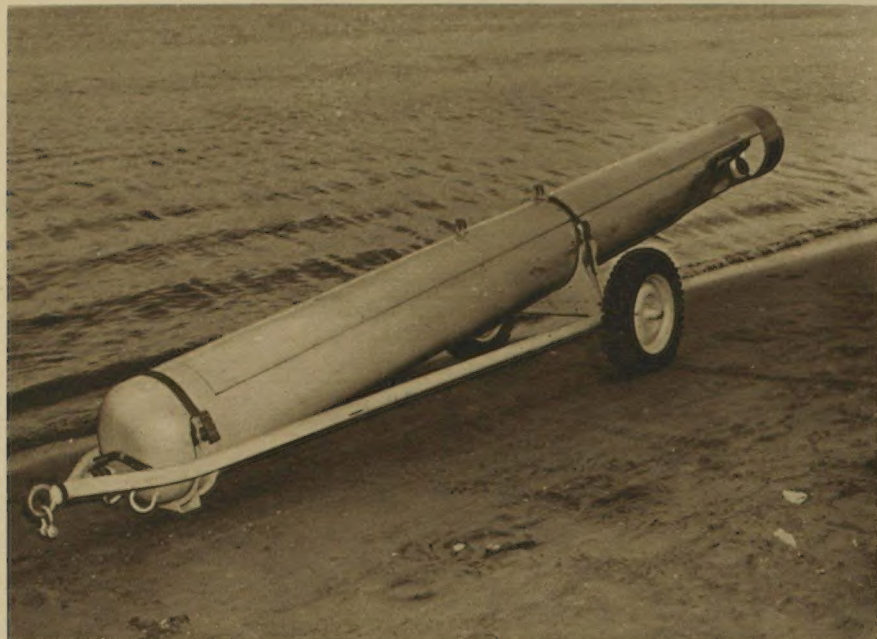
The Royal Air Force and the Royal Australian Air Force recently made their 2000th air-strike against the Communist bandits in Malaya. The first anti-bandit air-strike took place six days after the declaration of Malaya's present state of emergency in June, 1948, when three *Spitfires* bombed a terrorist camp. Since then, the Far East Air Force has been almost completely re-equipped with more modern types of aircraft. The *Spitfires*, *Tempests* and *Beaufighters* of the early days of the emergency have given place to R.A.A.F. *Lincoln* medium bombers,



A FAMILIAR SCENE AT KUALA LUMPUR AIRFIELD: ARMOURERS LOADING THE ROCKET RAILS OF A *BRIGAND* BOMBER WITH 60-LB. ROCKETS FOR USE AGAINST THE BANDITS.

and R.A.F. *Brigand* light bombers, *Vampire* jet fighters and *Hornet* twin-engined fighters. The 2000 air-strikes have involved well over 10,000 individual aircraft sorties and have included targets in almost all the States of Malaya. The photographs on this page illustrate the work of preparation for an air-strike at an airfield and the use of Alsatian dogs as assistants to the R.A.F. police, whose task it is to protect the airfields from intruders. *Lucky*, a dog shown here, has killed three bandits and assisted in the capture of two more.

NEWS EVENTS FROM THE UNITED STATES: AN INVENTION, A DISASTER, AND THE WEATHER.



A NEW AIR-SEA RESCUE DEVICE: THE DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY'S INFLATABLE LIFEBOAT IN ITS ALUMINIUM CYLINDER PRIOR TO LAUNCHING. IT CARRIES FULL SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT. The Douglas Aircraft Company, in conjunction with the U.S. Air Force Air Materiel Command, have designed a new type of air-sea rescue lifeboat which can be dropped from an aircraft or fired from a torpedo-tube. An inflatable raft, 22 ft. by 8 ft., is contained in an aluminium cylinder, and this carries an inboard engine. a two-way radio system, and food and survival equipment to last eight occupants for five days.



THE NEW AIR-SEA RESCUE LIFEBOAT: (TOP) BEGINNING TO INFLATE TWO MINUTES AFTER LAUNCHING AND (BELOW) FULLY INFLATED AND UNDER WAY.



WITH FLAME AND SMOKE TRAILING FROM ITS STARBOARD ENGINE, A U.S. C-46 AIRLINER CRASHES TO ITS DESTRUCTION AT ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY. FIFTY-SIX WERE KILLED.



THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE U.S. HOLIDAY AIRLINER, IN WHICH THE FULL COMPLIMENT OF FIFTY-SIX WERE KILLED, LYING IN THE SHALLOW ELIZABETH RIVER.

On the afternoon of December 17, a U.S. C-46 airliner, with a crew of four and fifty-two passengers bound for holidays in Florida, took off from Newark, N.J. One engine was seen to be smoking as the aircraft took off, and the pilot wirelessly that he was returning. Before he could do so, the plane crashed in the town of Elizabeth. There were no survivors and the death roll of fifty-six makes this the second worst U.S. air disaster.



GOING TO WORK ON SKIS: A WATERTOWN BUSINESS MAN SOLVING THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM DURING THE RECENT SNOWSTORMS IN NEW YORK STATE.

At the time of writing, about two-thirds of the United States is in the grip of a severe cold spell, accompanied by heavy falls of snow which have disrupted road and air transport. Our photographs were taken in the city of Watertown, New York State, where by nightfall on December 18 40 ins. of snow had fallen in forty-eight hours, the biggest fall since 1900. It was reported that in four days there had been at least 121 deaths in the U.S. as a result of the Arctic weather.



GOING TO WORK ON FOOT: AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN, MUFFLED UP AGAINST THE ARCTIC WEATHER, CROSSING THE MAIN SQUARE AT WATERTOWN AFTER ALL ROAD AND AIR TRAVEL HAD COME TO A STANDSTILL FOLLOWING THE BIGGEST FALL OF SNOW SINCE 1900.



ACRES OF DESOLATION ON CAMIGUIN ISLAND, IN THE PHILIPPINES, AFTER CLOUDS OF RED-HOT ASH FROM MT. HIBOK-HIBOK HAD BURNT OUT PALM PLANTATIONS.



THE SHELL OF A CAMIGUIN ISLAND HOME LEFT AMONG THE DESOLATE WRECK OF A PALM PLANTATION DEVASTATED BY FALLS OF RED-HOT ASH FROM HIBOK-HIBOK.

**MOUNT HIBOK.
HIBOK ERUPTS:
A SERIES
OF DISASTERS
IN WHICH NEARLY
TWO THOUSAND
PERISHED.**

ON December 4 Mt. Hibok-Hibok, a 5620-ft. volcano on Camiguin Island, in the southern central Philippines, erupted twice with extreme violence and suddenness, the first eruption being described as like an atomic blast. At first rocks and red-hot ash with poisonous fumes were erupted, but lava in great quantity followed. Within the next two days there were three more eruptions, and on December 10 there were six eruptions within an hour. By December 5, 500 bodies had been dug out of the ashes and ruins, but the death-roll by December 7 was believed to be nearer 2000; and on that day the evacuation of all the 35,000 inhabitants of the island was ordered. On December 10 a violent typhoon struck the central Philippines, and although it missed Camiguin, it interrupted the work of rescue there. Further typhoons followed, causing heavy destruction and casualties. On December 12 President Quirino proclaimed a state of disaster, and on December 16, appealing to the outside world, said that the eruptions and typhoons had left 1714 persons dead and 100,000 persons homeless. Hibok-Hibok erupted violently in 1948 and 1950, the death-roll in the latter case being 50.



COMPARED BY ONE AIR OBSERVER TO "A BLAZING AIRCRAFT CARRIER": THE ISLAND OF CAMIGUIN UNDER THE PALL OF SMOKE FROM HIBOK-HIBOK VOLCANO.



HOMELESS ISLANDERS OF CAMIGUIN, GATHERED FOR TREATMENT AND EVACUATION AFTER HIBOK-HIBOK HAD ERUPTED ELEVEN TIMES IN SIX DAYS WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES.



A RIVER OF RED-HOT LAVA, FOUR FEET THICK, MOVING FOR FIVE MILES DOWN THE SIDE OF MT. HIBOK-HIBOK: PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AIRCRAFT.

The two upper and the two lower photographs are reproduced from Gaumont-British News Reel.

AN OCEAN CRUISE IN A 16-TON SLOOP.

"A WHITE BOAT FROM ENGLAND"; by GEORGE MILLAR.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE casual observer of the title of this book might think that it was a book about sailing. So, in a way, it is. The author and his wife took a fast, 16-ton sloop, designed by that artist amongst yacht-designers, Mr. Robert Clark, from Lymington, round Brittany, round the coasts of Spain and Portugal (anchoring off such historic spots as Corunna and Cape St. Vincent) to Spanish Morocco, the Balearic Islands and the French Riviera. There was a storm; there was a collision; there were all sorts of difficulties about navigation; there were abrasions and contusions. But after one has finished the book one doesn't remember much about the boat or about the adventures at sea. The book is a travel-book; its interest lies mainly in people and places; its kinship is rather with Borrow than with Captain Slocum. There are good sea-passages. For example, after a rough time: "We ate. The day was very hot. We put on dressing-gowns, lay on the saloon settees, and slept. We had crossed the Bay of Biscay in forty-seven hours, and had covered 308 miles under canvas at an average speed of 6.55 knots, although for four hours we had been becalmed." But there is no book in that: this is no *Kon-Tiki* affair. The ports, in this story, are more important than the sea-passages; and very entertaining they are.

In Brittany, for example, after a dynamo had been examined: "When I had ferried the mechanic ashore, his work well done, I crossed to the other side of the river to get petrol, duty free, from the fishermen's bonded store. The Customs man stood by in uniform and gave us his advice. The young fishermen treated me as though I were a lily, taking the cans from me and filling them through rubber syphoning tubes from the big, dirty drums. French petrol has a vile smell, pungent and pervasive, far worse than English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese or Greek petrol; it is bad stuff to carry on a yacht. When all our cans were full we moved to the Customs office, which was also a bar, to sign declarations and to pay. I stood a round of drinks and they all chose to drink a dark beer, which they called affectionately 'le stout.' Three of them had been in England as sailors during the war. Two maintained silence regarding that period of service, but the third was enthusiastic, or

who haven't even seen Macclesfield, that unglimped Paradise, which simply must be "jolie" since a Frenchman says it is.

This is a very enjoyable book; the sort of book which makes one wish one could emulate the author by going off on a similar cruise with a similar congenial and efficient companion. He pretends to be no sailor, though it seems to me that he and his wife between them made a pretty competent crew. In so far as he is not a 100 per cent. yachtsman it means



"AT LENGTH WE CHOSE A BERTH AMONG THE RIVER BARGES, SAILING CRAFT LOADED WITH SALT UNTIL THE DECKS WERE NEARLY AT WATER LEVEL": SERICA AT SETUBAL, PORTUGAL.

that we are mercifully spared a great deal of that technical jargon about rigging and what not, a good deal of which may remain unfamiliar even to people who have spent quite a lot of time "messaging about" in small boats. Some authors are aware that they are bi-lingual and give us glossaries at the ends of the manuals of sailing or accounts of cruises. Mr. Millar needs no manual. He does not confront us with passages like: "It was evident that the counge wanted easing and the sprock letting out, while the binger-bolt patently had to be more securely fixed to the blee, and the ronk-biter had to be briced, half-length, to the jocket of the bilge-yard." In spite of his linguistic inadequacy, he got his ship "there and back," and, judging by the photographs, a very pretty Bermudian she is.

Mr. Millar has a turn for the "arresting" phrase. He says of a fat, drunken miller asleep: "He sounded as though he had swallowed an old bulldog." Examining his tide-tables, he remarks: "I can never make up my mind which is the more wonderful, the moon or the Admiralty." He has an unusual talent for sketching characters and faces, especially odd and quaint ones; and he has eyes open for the unexpected. For example, when he reaches the Riviera (just before he encounters the smugglers of whom we have heard so much in the papers of late) he writes no ready-made paragraphs about the Côte d'Azur, but states what he sees: "This Riviera anchorage seemed worse than tawdry. We felt like putting about and sailing back to Minorca. Seeking to avoid the other yachts, we sailed close to the western shore, and dropped anchor in water that was still as clear as ever—though this was no longer an advantage, for now when we looked at the bottom (sand and weed) we read 'Bovril,' 'Ovaltine,' 'New Zealand Lambs' Tongues,' 'Yellow Cling Peaches,' 'Nescafé,' and 'Condensed Milk' (Sweetened) on the tins that fraternised rustily with dark bottles."

And, on occasion, as is the manner of all the travellers whose books I most enjoy, he can digress; and sometimes very unexpectedly. Who would suppose that a yachtsman arriving at Oporto should break into a dithyramb not about port but about trams. But trams they were which seized Mr. Millar's imagination, and he wandered far from Portuguese trams. "What," he exclaims, "a delightful means of

locomotion is a tram! A strictly fore-and-aft movement, plenty of solid seats, and, if the seats be occupied, a solid platform to stand on, large windows, strong brakes, tinkling bells, potent acceleration, interesting advertisements (mainly, here, for patent medicines and port wine), interesting passengers. Many

of my memories jingle along in tram-cars, for when I was first beginning to stir alone, a tentative fugitive from the close skein of a Scottish family, I travelled through Glasgow in the double-decked trams of that rich and heterogeneous city. I remember the trams with excitement: the Red Car that occasionally whirled me out to the grain fields and gas works, canals, golf courses and sheep-dotted hills, on the perimeter of the town; the Green that travelled down Great Western Road and over the romantic River Kelvin to St. George's Cross, near which the riding school squatted in its never-forgotten atmosphere of ammonia; the Yellow, that serpentine down Byres Road past the shop that sold water-pistols and pea-shooters. . . . I haven't quoted half the passage, which goes on to Glasgow cinemas. Well, the Roman poet said that men may change their skies but not their souls. But I confess (perhaps because I am not a Glaswegian) that if I ever get to Oporto I shall not find myself bemused with a nostalgia for the trams and "picture-dromes" of home.

Any man writing about sailing is sure to mention cooking now and then. Mr. Millar does. I am surprised to learn that a man of his age and experience had to live until now to discover that margarine is a hopeless vehicle for frying. But I am not surprised that he found that "the Gibraltar has been Anglicized out of any gastronomic qualities he may once have possessed." I did but



MR. GEORGE MILLAR, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

George Millar was born in Scotland and before World War II, although he was very young, he was a journalist in Fleet Street. During the war he won the D.S.O. and M.C., was captured, managed to escape and then volunteered to join the Maquis. He became a member of a small band of British officers who parachuted secretly into occupied France. His experiences formed the settings for his books "Maquis" and "Horned Pigeon." He has written two novels: "My Past Was An Evil River" and "Through the Unicorn Gates"; and a travel book, "Isabel and the Sea."



"BEGINNING TO LOOK HERSELF AGAIN": SERICA IN THE TORPEDO CAMBER AT GIBRALTAR WHERE SHE WAS OVERHAULED.

pretended to be so. 'Leeds, c'est charmant,' he stated. 'Macclesfield, c'est jolie. . . . A Brighton on est bien. . . . Chouette, Sheffield.'" The old, cold joke used to be that at least war taught one something about geography. There is evidently something in it. Here is that young Frenchman, dreaming nostalgically over the beauty spots he has visited in England, as though they were Venice and Florence, Chartres and Vézelay. And here am I, lethargic stick-in-the-mud,



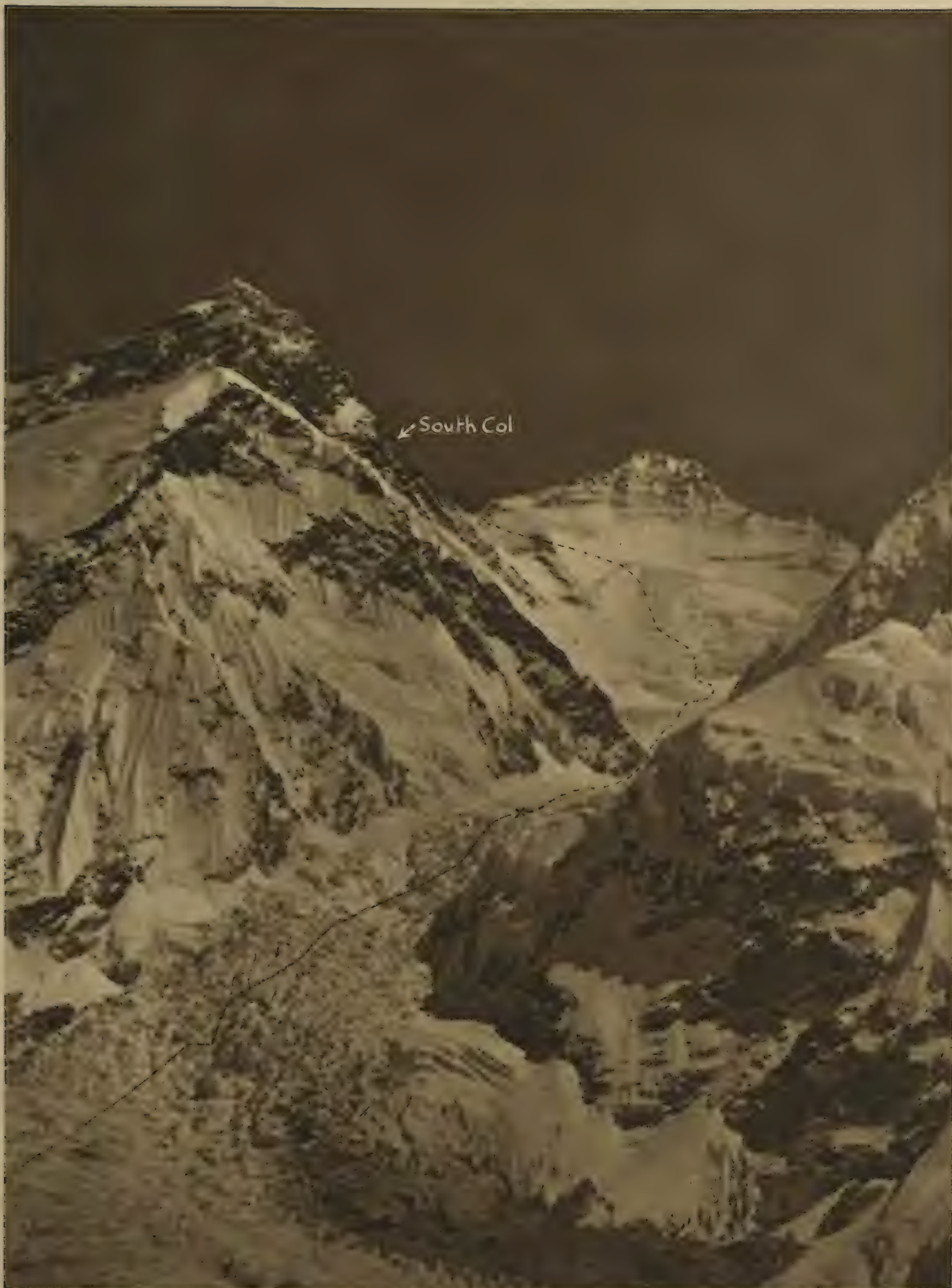
"AT FIRST THE STREAM WAS RATHER WIDER THAN THE THAMES BELOW HAMPTON COURT, BUT DEEPER AND MORE RAPID": MOTORING UP THE RIVER ODET FROM BENODET TO QUIMPER WITH ISABEL (THE AUTHOR'S WIFE) AT THE TILLER.

Illustrations from the book "A White Boat from England"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, William Heinemann.

once attempt a meal in a Gibraltar restaurant. I asked for a local cheese (naturally, I meant Spanish) and was informed that there were no Spanish cheeses, but they had a very nice cheese (of which the waiters evidently presumed I had never heard) called Gorgonzola.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1086 of this issue.

* "A White Boat from England." By George Millar. Illustrations and Maps. (Heinemann; 16s.)



"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR": THE PEAK OF EVEREST (LEFT) WITH (FOREGROUND) THE IMPRACTICABLE ICE-FALL TO THE WEST CWM, WHICH LEADS BACK BETWEEN EVEREST AND THE SPURS OF NUPITSE (RIGHT) TO THE WEST FACE OF LHOTSE AND THE TEMPTING SOUTHERN APPROACH TO THE SOUTH COL (CENTRE).

The results of the 1951 Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition have now been summarised by its leader, Mr. Eric Shipton; and the net result, while full of the greatest interest, is extremely tantalising. The purpose was to explore the possibility of approaching the great mountain from the south, through Nepal, political developments in that country having, since the war, made that practicable. The reconnaissance has confirmed that to the south of Everest lies a great sloping cirque, bounded by the peaks of Everest, Lhotse, and Nuptse, which is known as the Western Cwm. From this Cwm

there appears to lie a straightforward approach to the South Col and so to the peak of Everest. (The line of potential approach is shown, the X marking the highest point reached, the dotted continuation showing the proposed route to the South Col.) Unfortunately, the only approach to the Cwm is via a 2000-ft. ice-fall at its western end and the reconnaissances showed that "though it might be possible for a party of unladen mountaineers . . . to get through the ice-fall without undue risk . . . it was no place to venture with laden men."

Photograph and excerpts from Mr. Eric Shipton's dispatch by arrangement with "The Times."

THE SOUTHERN ICE RAMPART OF EVEREST: THE WEST CWM ICE-FALL, AND NUP-LA.



WORKING ON THE FINAL SLOPE OF THE WESTERN CWM ICE-FALL—"NO PLACE TO VENTURE WITH LADEN MEN," BOURDILLON LEADING IN THE LAST RECONNAISSANCE.



ON THE FORMIDABLE NUP-LA ICE-FALL: PASANG (ABOVE) AND RIDDIFORD DURING THE OCTOBER RECONNAISSANCE OF THE GREAT CIRQUE SOUTH OF GYACHUNGKANG.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NUP-LA ICE-FALL, SHOWING WARD AND DANNU, DURING THE ATTEMPT WHICH WAS MADE TO FORCE A WAY UP THIS FORMIDABLE BARRIER.

The crux of the southern approach to Everest, as explained on the previous page, has been found to lie in the ice-fall which guards the western approach to the Western Cwm. On this page we show two photographs of this ice-fall, and two also of the Nup-La ice-fall, some eleven miles to the west in the cirque below the 25,910-ft. peak of Gyachungkang. Three attempts were made on the Western Cwm ice-fall (on September 30, October 3-4 and October 28), with the final



"THE SUNLIGHT FLASHING IN THE SNOW . . . BLENDED WITH OUR MOOD OF HIGH OPTIMISM": CLIMBING THE WEST CWM ICE-FALL, WHEN SUCCESS STILL SEEMED POSSIBLE.

discovery that "in the present condition of the upper ice-fall it was no place to venture with laden men." One dramatic experience is thus described by Mr. Shipton: "Hillary knocked an ice-block into a crevasse, and this set up such a violent and prolonged vibration that I thought the whole surface we were standing on was about to collapse into an unseen chasm below." [Photographs and excerpts from Mr. Eric Shipton's dispatch, by arrangement with "The Times."]



TYPICAL OF THE FEROCIOUS PERILS OF HIMALAYAN ICE-FALLS: RIDDIFORD AND PASANG ON THE NUP-LA ICE-FALL, A FORMIDABLE BARRIER TO THE NUP-LA, TO THE WEST OF EVEREST AND PUMORI.

In view of the interest aroused by the photographs of the "Abominable Snowman" footprints (which appeared in our issue of December 15) and British Museum statements tentatively identifying them with the prints of a langur monkey, Mr. Shipton's considered later remarks have especial value. The prints were found at 19,000 ft. on the glacier south-east of the 23,560-ft. peak of Menlungtse. Mr. Shipton writes: "I hesitate to join issue on a subject about which I know nothing, but there seem to be several potent objections to [the langur hypothesis]. In the first place, I understand that

the footprints of the larger type of langur would measure about 8 ins. in length. The tracks we saw were consistently larger than this. . . . Secondly, I understand that langur monkeys are vegetarians. Now, while a carnivorous creature might feed upon marmots and tailless Tibetan rats . . . a vegetarian, other than a grazing animal, would in these parts be very far from adequate food supplies. What, in any case, is a monkey doing wandering about in these regions of habitual snow? Though, of course, there are many who would consider our own presence there equally puzzling."

Photograph and excerpt from Mr. Eric Shipton's dispatch by arrangement with "The Times."




"COLD, CRUEL, IMPRESSIVE . . . A MONUMENT OF MASSIVE STRENGTH," AND STILL MAINTAINING ITS IMPREGNABLE CHALLENGE TO HUMAN ENDEAVOUR: THE NORTH PEAK OF EVEREST FROM THE RIDGES OF NEIGHBOURING PUMORI.

In summing up his impressions of the 1951 Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, Mr. Eric Shipton comments on the extraordinary contrasts of the region around Everest. "Within a radius of 20 miles from the summit there is every conceivable variety of mountain country; the high desert plateau to the north, brown and red, with its rugged, lonely summits and its miniature Arctic ice-cap; to the south-east the glaciers plunging into valleys of dense tropical forests; to the south-west enchanting alps . . . cradled high

above deep gorges, with grassy glades and quiet woods of pine, birch and rhododendron, silvered with moss." The peaks, too, vary, some being slender spires, some graceful and aloof; but "Everest itself is part of the Tibetan landscape, cold, cruel, impressive. From north or south, in spite of its harsh simplicity of outline, its form is unmistakable; planted four-square, it is a monument of massive strength." [Photograph and excerpts from Mr. Eric Shipton's dispatch by arrangement with "The Times."]

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WRITING on this page last Christmas, I told of a memorable Christmas Day which my friend Dr. Balfour Gourlay and I spent on the lovely and romantic island of

Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's island. It was a compact, little three-day luxury cruise from Valparaiso, in Chile, with the whole of Christmas Day ashore on the island. Then back to the Chilean mainland to carry on with the plant collecting for which we had come. It was high summer, and as the heat and drought became more and more intense, we worked farther and farther south to a moister climate and more luxuriant vegetation. In the South Chilean Lake District we visited the little forest settlement of Pucon, and after the drought of Central and Northern Chile, Pucon was heaven. It was quite a journey from Valparaiso. First a night and a morning by train to the town of Temuco, then some 70 or 80 miles by car, partly rough road and largely dirt-track, through magnificent forests of southern beech, Nothofagus, to the lower end of Lake Villarica. The lake, which is 21 miles long, lies among heavily forested mountains, with higher, snow-clad Andean peaks, and volcanoes towering all around. We made the last 21 miles to Pucon, at the upper end of the lake, by motor-launch, an ancient craft, so loose-jointed and crazy that she felt, in motion, like a jelly or blancmange which has not set too well.

Half-way up the lake I landed on a tiny, rocky island to look for a lily which we had been told grew there, and nowhere else in all the world. I found this treasure, a *Hemanthus*, of which I had seen roadside acres the day before. But on the rocks of the island I found and collected seeds of a good plant which was new to me, and, as I found later, new to cultivation—*Haplopappus cuneifolius*—which makes low, spreading, evergreen cushions, with innumerable golden, daisy-like flowers on four- or five-inch stems. Many good Alpine nurserymen grow this species to-day.

As I have said, Pucon was heaven after the arid north. All was green and mossy, and the place smelt of moss and water, wood smoke and aromatic undergrowth—myrtle, winter's-bark, etc. Forestry and farming were the local industries. There were a few scattered houses, an Indian settlement, and a small hotel, simply but well run by a German. Apart from plant collecting, which was interesting and rewarding, Pucon has two amenities, one of which might have been specially arranged for Gourlay, and the other for me. Gourlay has a passion for volcanoes. He belongs to a Volcano Society. And the whole district bristled with the beastly, lovely, uncertain things. He went up one of them and took its temperature, or pulse, or something. I, on the other hand, am an inveterate fisherman. Gardening, travel, fishing, music—at the listening end—these are my delights, and, of course, malicious gossip. Fishing comes high on the list, and Pucon was a fisherman's dream come true. Twenty minutes' row along the shore brought us to where a fine river flowed into the lake. Both lake and river were stiff with rainbow and brown trout, whose ancestors had been imported and turned down by the Chilean Government years before. We spent a glorious ten days at Pucon, and left, filled with regrets that we should never again see this enchanting place. It had been the most completely happy and delightful part of our whole expedition. But one cannot embark upon six-month outings and travel thousands of miles just to revisit places of happy memory. Bexhill or Eastbourne, perhaps; Scotland at a stretch or even, maybe, the Alps. But Southern Chile, no. Too far. And so, we thought, farewell Pucon for ever. We were wrong.

Within a year we were back, to spend Christmas there. And the reason? It was like the story of the Garden of Eden in reverse. The good Adam and Eve were evicted from the garden for eating an apple. The cause of our return to Chile was eating berries, only a few, in Chilean Patagonia, a month or two after leaving Pucon. The berries were those of *Berberis buxifolia*, a common shrub in Patagonia, where it is known as the Calafat (spelling uncertain). Now the peculiarity of the Calafat is that anyone eating its berries is certain to return to the country. Residents told us so. We ate the berries, but more

FISHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

because they were pleasantly refreshing, than with the idea of ensuring a come-back. That, then, was how we came to return to Chile and Pucon. Doubtless if we had eaten more Calafat berries, we should have returned to Patagonia itself. I should perhaps add that there were other, contributory reasons for our return. There were a number of plants which we had seen, but had been unable to collect on the first expedition, and districts which we had been unable to ransack.

So back we went, not only to Chile, but to Pucon, where we spent our second Chilean Christmas. Christmas Day itself was not the complete success that our Christmas on Robinson Crusoe's island had been.

Next morning all was well. The weather was brilliant, and the river had cleared, so we dug out our Indian boatman Ecclesio and rowed along to the river mouth and upstream for a day's fishing and collecting. Dense virgin forest came right down to the river's edge in most places, and the accepted method of fishing was "harling" from a boat with an ordinary trout fly rod, trolling a salmon fly or a small spoon or other lure over likely spots. Ecclesio was a marvellous boatman. He knew exactly where the trout lay, and managed the heavy boat in heavy water like a magician; even one day down a stretch

of white-water rapids which, from above, looked terrifying. Such was his skill and mastery that he made the passage just pleasurable excitement. The trout that I caught—and they were plentiful—averaged a small fraction under 4 lb. My best was a 9-lb. rainbow. I got him on a salmon fly in a deep, rather sinister pool at a bend of the river, where there were little sucking eddies in the heavy water. He was a dour fellow, and kept deep down until the end, tugging and shaking, like a bull-terrier determined to do me an injury.

The best sport was in the choppy water on the bar at the mouth of the river, where the heavy stream met the waves coming down the lake. There the 4-pounders would tear off 50 yards of line and leap and leap like mad acrobats, game and powerful to the last minute. We would go out for the day and take picnic lunch with us: bread, cheese, bottled beer and—just in case we caught no trout, though we always did—a chunk of mutton.

At midday we would land in the forest, and Ecclesio would make a bonfire and, having impaled our meat on a long, thin stick, pushing it a foot or two up, roast it in the flames and aromatic smoke. When done, he would bring it on its spit and hold it whilst we sliced off juicy morsels. In addition, a trout having been cleaned, it was swaddled in a good thickness of newspaper, brought for the purpose, and well moistened in the river. This would be laid in a trench raked in the embers, covered with glowing embers and left for ten minutes or so. Raked out again and broken open, the trout came away from its charred casing, clean and perfectly cooked.

After one such picnic I wandered off into the forest and came upon an extremely handsome herbaceous plant, *Loasa acanthifolia*, a 4-ft., leafy plant with large, orange, curiously-formed flowers an inch or more across. Collecting seeds of this was no fun at all. The leaves and stems stung more savagely than any nettle, even through dogskin gloves. Bloody-minded horseflies collaborated with *Loasa*, and when I got back to the camp-fire I found that my ankles were streaming with blood from land-lice. I last saw *Loasa acanthifolia* flowering well in the garden at Logan, on the West Coast of Scotland.

Sometimes we walked to the fishing-ground just inshore from the lake, through pleasant, half-open woodland. At one rather swampy place the ground was carpeted with a charming dwarf plant whose name we never discovered. We called it "Mauve Carpet." There was no seed ripe for collecting, so I decided to try to take home a living plant. For this I took a round cigarette-tin and using it inverted, in the manner of a cheese-scoop or an apple-corer, I cut out a circular turf of the plant, which exactly fitted the tin which had cut it. Set thus, head up in its tin, in the bottom of which I punched a drainage-hole, it was, so to speak, potted in a small, unbreakable flower-pot, with a lid which could be put on in transit and taken off between whiles. Thus "Mauve Carpet" travelled with me for the last three months of our expedition. Never have I taken so much trouble to bring home a living plant. It arrived in England alive but in rather a low state, and it died, after its trying journey, patiently borne, within a month.

It would be interesting to know whether, if I ate a handful of berries of *Berberis buxifolia* grown in an English garden it would lead to yet another return to Chile. I rather doubt it. Anyway, I shall not try the experiment. I prefer Christmas in England, despite the climate, and despite Cotswold fishing being less dramatic than at lovely Pucon.



A CHILEAN CHRISTMAS DINNER: MR. ELLIOTT CARVES THE JOINT DURING A PLANT-HUNTING EXPEDITION NEAR PUCON, IN THE SOUTH CHILEAN LAKE DISTRICT.

"Ecclesio would make a bonfire and, having impaled our meat on a long, thin stick, pushing it a foot or two up, roast it in the flames and aromatic smoke. When done, he would bring it on its spit and hold it whilst we sliced off juicy morsels."



CHRISTMAS TROUTS: MR. ELLIOTT, WITH HIS BEST OF THE HOLIDAY—A 9-LB. RAINBOW—IN HIS RIGHT HAND. THE OTHER IS A MERE 5-POUNDER.

As regards the 9-pounder—"I got him on a salmon fly in a deep, rather sinister pool at a bend of the river, where there were little sucking eddies in the heavy water. He was a dour fellow, and kept deep down until the end, tugging and shaking, like a bull-terrier determined to do me an injury." [Photographs by Dr. W. Balfour Gourlay, M.C.]

One of the local volcanoes had had a little upset, and lava had melted snow and sent down a flood of muddy water into the river, so that fishing was out of the question. Volcanoes are rather like babies; one never knows when they are going to be sick. We pottered and collected a few seeds. In the evening our German host at the little hotel, his family and a few German friends glowed with an ultra-warm and sentimental German Christmas night celebration, with lighted Christmas-tree, little gifts and song. It was all too family, national and intimate for us even to wish to join the circle. We sat on the outskirts for a little while and turned in early.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ANNUAL RETROSPECT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I AM one of many who, as the year draws to its end, glance through the pages of their diaries and recall pleasures and successes—if there have been any—and weaknesses and disappointments—which they are certain to find. I suppose my diary contains more reference to public affairs than the average one, because I constantly jot down what I have been writing about, especially when the subject is passing events and the writing is journalism. Academic work is treated in less detail. About it I find only that in January I was working very hard on new lectures, which I described as "sadly behindhand"; that by February I was becoming more hopeful on the subject; that in Trinity term the audience became mysteriously smaller on the finest days; and that I found the correction of examination papers a heavy strain, a confession which I think many who have taken to teaching late in life will echo. By far the most important event in my academic year was the death of the Warden of my College, Humphrey Sumner, coupled with the election of his successor, Sir Hubert Henderson.

My private life seems to have been unusually uneventful. My main holiday was confined to ten days' walking in the Hartz Mountains, and, agreeable as walking may be, there is not much to be said about it. Relaxations are not prominent, except that of giving or receiving hospitality, which seems the best of all nowadays. The theatre came in for little of my patronage, and I seem to have visited the cinema once only, which is behind my average of 1.75 per annum. My eye falls on the word "Sandown" where, apparently, the racing was most enjoyable but "the winners were hard to find." On May 3 I could spare only half an hour to watch Hutton and Lowson batting in the Parks; but on the 31st I really was recklessly idle, for after watching a brilliant innings by Simpson of Nottingham in the afternoon I played bowls after dinner, despite the cold which, as I now recall, had induced Simpson to wear an exceptionally heavy sweater, if not two. The happiest, though also the most expensive, event in my private life was a wedding in my family. The gloomiest aspect is to be found in my comments upon the weather. If my remarks are borne out by statistics, the year 1951 must have been exceptionally wet, though there are but few references to cold.

As regards public affairs, seldom satisfactory and often much the reverse, Korea naturally takes the leading place, since I was so often called upon to write about the wretched business. I plunge into the subject at once: "Heavy snow to start the New Year; also a Chinese offensive on the left flank in Korea." Next day I was writing "a very pointed criticism" of United Nations tactics in that peninsula. However, a certain General Ridgway, whose record was well known to me, had taken over command of the Eighth Army, and I founded hopes upon him which proved well justified. By March 30, the forces of the United Nations were "back on the 38th Parallel almost all the way along." April brought "a world sensation," that of the removal of General MacArthur from all his commands by President Truman. About a week later "the great MacArthur reception" at home was my topic; but in between these two entries came a few slightly anxious words on the "build-up" of Communist air strength, words which have been repeated in different form on several occasions since. On June 29, with what now seems incredible optimism, I committed myself to the view that a truce in Korea appeared to be a genuine likelihood. This was before the armistice talks had begun, and I was soon recording hitches, delays, and deadlocks. I have been doing the same thing ever since at intervals of varying length. I have become less optimistic. I now actually foresee difficulties and hold-ups before they are announced. When things looked brightest at the end of November I was "dubious." How right I was!

By May 15 I was considering another unpleasant topic. The world, I noted, seemed full of crises, but for the time being that concerned with Persia and the proposed nationalisation of its oil industry was, from the British point of view, the most pressing. (To hark back to Korea, that week the Chinese achieved another

success, but I decided, rightly, as it proved, that it was not "calamitous." Unfortunately, I also had to say that I saw no way out, perhaps not a very helpful comment, but one which might often have been repeated.) The Persian affair dragged on, and after noting that Turkey and Greece were being invited to enter the North Atlantic Treaty and that "the two missing diplomatists" had not yet been found, I decided that "our stand over Abadan looks like collapsing" on June 27. My final verdict on Abadan is not recorded in the diary, but was given with all the force I could muster in these pages. In the latter part of July I expressed the view that our Foreign Office was behaving childishly over the relations between Spain and the United States. Next day I entered the murder of that great figure in the Arab world, King Abdullah of Jordan. I had seen him once only, at Amman over twenty years ago, but my work on the Palestine campaign in the First World

enlisted in his teens and was even now not a Methuselah. September 8 brought the signature of the Japanese Peace Treaty. On the 15th I flew to Hamburg for the manoeuvres of the British Army of the Rhine. My diary for this period is somewhat fraudulent: it was filled in afterwards from a notebook. I had a good excuse. I was called each day at 7.30 and went out after breakfast. I lunched at a *Gasthaus*, returned late in the afternoon to write my impressions, sat in the telephone office until I could get through to London and dictate my "piece," dined late, attended a review of the day's proceedings at 10.30 in the splendid barracks theatre thoughtfully provided by the late Adolf Hitler, and got into bed afterwards just as quickly as I could. There was certainly little enough time for anything but manoeuvres. Yet this was the best and most interesting slice of my year. The feeling that all the hard individual training which had been going on had been efficient and that at last we had a good little Army was very comforting. Then I made my way to the Hartz. There, indeed, there was ample time to keep a journal, but not a great deal to put in it. The most notable entry runs, "Last day, and feel sad," which cannot be called memorable.

Back to London and another disagreeable situation. "We announce that we stand on treaty rights in

Egypt." "The United States condemns the Egyptian action and may stand a bit more firmly beside us than at Abadan." "Very serious disorder in the Suez Canal Zone. This time the Government seems to be standing firm." Everyone, in fact, showed signs of preferring an upright to a prostrate position, which was comforting. Meanwhile, on October 14, the Michaelmas Term had started. Two elections followed. The first was the General Election; the second, about ten days later, the College Fellowship Election. I need not say who were the successful candidates in the first; in the second they were a mediaeval historian and a philosopher. True to tradition, recent tradition, at least, the College made its contribution to the new Government: Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. John Foster. I went to London to meet General Grigoropoulos, Chief of Staff of Greek National Defence, and returned to Oxford at an unseasonable hour—next morning, with lecture notes and gown in an attaché case, so that I might drive straight to the schools. If there had been a fog these precautions would not have availed. The last entry of any interest describes the visit to the College of Dr. Adenauer, an impressive figure.

It has not been a pleasant year. In any case, I can assure younger readers that as time passes the very process of retrospect seems less attractive. Earlier, when lamenting mis-spent time and lost opportunities, one could look forward to what one would do in the future, to the books that one might write or the visits

abroad that one might make. As one's probable span of activity becomes more circumscribed, this entertainment becomes less amusing. If I live to face the test, I must sooner or later make up my mind that one of the problems before me is that of learning how to grow old gracefully and without repining. While I still feel young I, no doubt foolishly, resent the appearance of old age on the horizon, even if it is some little way off. That, however, is a mere matter of adjustment. A more serious question, which must affect a large proportion of my generation, is the sort of world that our children will have to face.

Anyhow, we have gone through worse years than 1951, and 1952 may prove in many ways better. Certain illusions which have been shed during the past twelve months are a good riddance. We need, however, something more positive than the abandonment of illusions. The blank they leave ought to be filled with new faith and resolution. We should, indeed, have reached a low ebb if we ceased to look upon New Year's Day as a genial and hopeful symbol, a time for hope and for good wishes to our friends. Both may be justified by the strictest reckoning, and even if they should not prove to be, their effect upon ourselves may prevent them from being wholly wasted. Nobody's hopes are ever completely fulfilled, but nobody would be better off if the practice of hoping were to be discontinued.



A CENTURIES-OLD DISPUTE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND FRANCE WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REFERRED TO THE INTERNATIONAL COURT AT THE HAGUE: A CHART SHOWING THE ECERHOS AND THE MINQUIERS—GROUPS OF SMALL ISLANDS SITUATED BETWEEN JERSEY AND THE FRENCH COAST, THE SOVEREIGNTY OF WHICH MAY NOW BE CLARIFIED.

It was reported on December 17 that the British Government had requested the International Court at The Hague for a ruling on the sovereignty of the Ecrehos and the Minquiers—the former small islands about 300 yards long and the latter a group of rocks which are nearly submerged at high water. For centuries British and French fishermen have been at loggerheads over the fishery rights, and an agreement on these rights has only recently been ratified by the British and French Parliaments. Last December it was decided to submit the question of the sovereignty of the islands to the International Court.

Detail from a Copyright map prepared by Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson Ltd., based upon a British Admiralty Chart with the permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office and of the Hydrographer of the Navy.

War had aroused in my mind an interest in him which had never flagged.

I hope the next entry worthy of remark will not be considered immodest. It was vacation time, but on the morning of July 28 I came to Oxford for a few days' holiday. There is no holiday from *The Illustrated London News*, and on arrival I walked about my room trying to find a suitable subject. Doubtfully, I decided upon one which had no relation with current affairs; one, in fact, half a century old. I sat down and wrote "Kekewich in Kimberley." Contrary to my expectation, it proved my most successful article of the year, if what is called "fan mail" can be considered a reliable yardstick. For long afterwards I was writing letters to old gentlemen who had served with Kekewich in South Africa and elsewhere. One had talked with him frequently. He had been batman to one of Kekewich's regimental commanders in the column-and-blockhouse days at the end of the campaign and recorded that the General used to come into the tent in the evening and tell him that it wouldn't be long now. Either he or another correspondent—I cannot recall which—informed me that in his local club there had for long been several old soldiers of the same regiment who used to talk about Kekewich and declare that he was the best soldier they ever came across—I can almost hear the conversation—but that the writer was the only one left. He had



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS FROM MR. CHURCHILL: SIR PHILIP VIAN, C-IN-C. OF THE HOME FLEET AND WARTIME COMMANDER OF *CONSAK*.



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC: DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, WHO WAS HAILED AS "THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF ENGLISH COMPOSERS."



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS: MR. CHUTER EDE, HOME SECRETARY IN THE FORMER SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT, DESCRIBED AS "TRUSTED BY BOTH SIDES."



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS: LORD ISMAY, WHO IS SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COMMON-WEALTH RELATIONS.



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF SCIENCE IN ENGINEERING: MR. A. E. RUSSELL, THE DESIGNER OF BRITAIN'S GIANT AIRCRAFT, THE *BRABAZON*.



RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS: LORD CAMROSE, PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*.



IN PROCESSION AT BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: MR. CHURCHILL, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, IN HIS BLACK ROBE RICHLY FACED WITH GOLD AND WEARING A GOLDEN-TASSELLED MORTAR-BOARD.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ENGINEERING SCHOOL AT ST. MICHAEL'S HILL, BRISTOL: MR. CHURCHILL, ATTENDED BY HIS PAGE.



OUTSIDE BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: MR. CHURCHILL WITH EIGHT OF THE NINE MEN ON WHOM HE CONFERRED HONORARY DEGREES: (L. TO R.) MR. A. E. RUSSELL; DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS; LORD CAMROSE; MR. CHUTER EDE; ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN; MR. CHURCHILL; LORD ISMAY; SIR CHARLES LILLICRAP AND SIR PHILIP MORRIS.

Cheering crowds welcomed Mr. Churchill when he arrived at Bristol on December 13. In the evening the Prime Minister attended a private dinner given by the Society of Merchant Venturers in his honour. On the following day Mr. Churchill, as Chancellor of Bristol University, conferred honorary degrees on nine distinguished men for "a wide and varied range of public service, personal achievement and

ability." Mr. Churchill announced that a recent gift of £42,000 towards the restoration of the Great Hall—"scarred and blasted" in an air raid—was made by Lord Dulverton. Mr. Churchill later drove to St. Michael's Hill, where he laid the foundation-stone of the new Engineering School. A degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Sir Stafford Cripps *in absentia*.



POTENTIAL BOYS' CLUB LEADERS LEARNING TO ORGANISE A BOXING TOURNAMENT IN THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ST. PIERRE: (L. TO R.) MEN'S QUARTERS, TOWER, WARDEN'S HOUSE, THEATRE AND DOVECOT.

King Harold had a hunting lodge on the site where now stands St. Pierre, near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire; but this hunting lodge was sacked by the Welsh from Caerleon in 1063. The site then was on an arm of the Severn which formed a harbour—it is now silted up and has become tidal meadows—and beside this harbour, after the Conquest, a Norman from St. Pierre, in Normandy, settled and built a chapel, which is now the Parish Church. In the fifteenth century—when most of the present house was built—the property belonged to a Sir David de St. Pierre,

who fought for Henry IV. and Henry V., and indeed lent the latter King money, as security for which the Crown Jewels were deposited at St. Pierre. It is possible that Henry V. visited the house himself: at all events, the next Royal visitor was another Henry, the present Duke of Gloucester, in his capacity as President of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. Three generations after Sir David, the family assumed the surname of Lewis and Lewises lived in the house until 1893. When the estate was broken up and sold in 1925, the house and park were bought by the

late Mr. D. C. Lyzaght, from whose heirs they were bought in 1945 by the National Association of Boys' Clubs. The purchase was made by the generosity of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and it is now maintained as the Association's residential Training College for Boys' Leaders out of the Association's own funds and with generous grants from the King George's Jubilee Trust. It is run by a Warden (Captain R. T. Thornton, M.C.), a Matron and two resident tutors, and there is accommodation for thirty-five students. There are two kinds of courses: a six-month

course for men taking up Club-leadership as a full-time vocation; and a one-month course for voluntary leaders and helpers in clubs. Other drawings appear on other pages; but this one shows a general view of the buildings from the south-east. On the left is the old building which houses the students' quarters and the library; the gateway tower can be seen in the centre; then comes the Warden's house, leading to stabling now converted to garages and a theatre; while at the extreme right can be seen a fine old columbarium, unfortunately falling into decay for lack of funds.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A "WOODS-AND-GARDENS" PARTY RETURNING FROM TREE-FELLING, WITH WOOD FOR THE FIRES. (LEFT) THE GATEWAY TOWER; AND (RIGHT) THE OLD CHAPEL.



A SERVICE IN THE PARISH CHURCH, WHICH IS ALSO THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. BEFORE THE ALTAR CAN BE SEEN THE COFFIN-LID OF URIEN DE ST. PIERRE, WHO DIED 1295.



A PUBLIC-SPEAKING CLASS IN THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM: THE WARDEN SITS TO THE LEFT OF THE EXTEMPORISING SPEAKER, WHILE THE TUTOR ALLOTS MARKS (BOTTOM-LEFT CORNER).

THE TRAINING OF BOYS' CLUB LEADERS: ACTIVITIES OPEN-AIR, INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL.

The training at the St. Pierre Training College for Boys' Club leaders is carried out by the Warden (Captain R. T. Thornton, M.C.), two resident tutors and visiting speakers, many of whom come from Newport, which takes a keen interest in the scheme. Great use is made of discussion groups, group tutorials and projects and during the six-months course the men spend three periods of three

weeks each, doing practical work in selected Boys' Clubs. The Parish Church adjoins the house and during the week is used as the College Chapel. Our lower drawing shows a class practising public speaking. Each member is given a subject (non-political and non-denominational) and has to speak for ten minutes on it and then answer questions from the rest of the class.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



WHERE HENRY V. PLEDGED HIS CROWN JEWELS—AND WHERE "HENRY V." REHEARSES HIS DECISION ONCE AGAIN: A DRAMATIC CLASS BESIDE THE GATE-WAY TOWER.



IN THE PANELLED LIBRARY AT ST. PIERRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE: STUDENTS AT THE RESIDENTIAL TRAINING COLLEGE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOYS' CLUBS.

THE HISTORIC FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE WHERE BOYS' CLUB LEADERS ARE TRAINED: ST. PIERRE, NEAR CHEPSTOW.

Since the St. Pierre Training College for Boys' Club leaders was opened in August, 1946, there have been six six-month courses and thirteen one-month courses. Four hundred and fifty men have passed through, 153 taking the six-month course. Candidates for training come from all over Great Britain and a certain number come from overseas under the aegis of the British Council, Educational Interchange Council and the Colonial Office. Those from Great Britain

are selected at the National Association of Boys' Clubs in London by interview and selection test. The basis of selection is character and there is no minimum education standard. After leaving they are expected to work for one year as Club leaders before being awarded Certificates of Recognition. St. Pierre men are now leading clubs all over Great Britain, from Plymouth to Aberdeen, and some twenty are working in the London area alone.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE MESSAGE OF MEDIEVAL MORALITY IN MURALS

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY POPULAR ART
AND TEACHING IN MURALS
DISCOVERED BY CHANCE IN THE
CHURCH OF ST. PEGA, PEAKIRK.

By E. CLIVE ROUSE, M.B.E., F.S.A.

FRESH discoveries of medieval wall paintings still, surprisingly enough, continue to be made in some remote English churches. Among the most recent is an important and extensive series covering a great part of the nave and aisles in the small Church of St. Pega, Peakirk, between Peterborough and Crowland. The church is the only one in England dedicated to this Saint, the sister of St. Guthlac, founder, in the eighth century, of the great Abbey of Crowland near by. The discovery was made through the chance observation of red pigment where a large iron hook (driven into the wall for a curtain-pole) had brought down a quantity of limewash, with which the paintings had all been obscured since the Reformation. The bulk of the painting occurs on the north wall of the nave over the Norman arcade, and is cut into by the later clerestory windows. Here is a Passion cycle in twelve scenes arranged in two rows.

(LEFT) THE MIRACLE OF LONGINUS, IN THE PEAKIRK PAINTINGS. THE BLIND SOLDIER PIERCES THE SIDE OF CHRIST AND REGAINS HIS SIGHT. HE POINTS TO ONE OFFERED EYE.

(Continued below, left.)



THE CRUCIFIXION (LEFT) AND THE
OF THE PEAKIRK PAINTINGS. ON THE
THE WALLS FROM CHRIST'S FEET.

(Continued.) drama (which would have been familiar through the Miracle and Passion plays) so clearly emphasised, as Dr. Hildburgh has shown, in the Nottingham and Derby alabaster carvings. The Passion set is interrupted by a gigantic figure of St. Christopher, so placed that he shall come opposite the main entrance by the south door, where he would be easily seen by anyone setting out on a journey. It has the rare feature of a kneeling donor on one side and a mermaid combing her hair on the other. These paintings all appear to date from about 1325. The north aisle contains two examples of those moralities or "warning" pictures so frequently included in English medieval wall paintings.

(Continued opposite)

RECENTLY REVEALED IN A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CHURCH.



DEPOSITION IN THE PASSION SEQUENCE.
RIGHT THE RABBI NICODEMUS REMOVES
LEFT, THE MIRACLE OF LONGINUS.

(Continued.) painting. The first is a splendid instance of the gruesome tale of the Three Living and Three Dead—a moral story to teach the emptiness of earthly rank and riches, of which two other recently discovered examples at Pocksworth and Longthorpe have been illustrated in these pages. (*The Illustrated London News*, January 3, 1948, and November 5, 1949, respectively.) The Peakirk painting is perhaps the finest of them all. The three kings, of different ages and sumptuously clad, sword and sceptre in hand, stand against a background of little flowers, to symbolise the pleasures of life. One holds up a hand in horror at the apparitions: the next draws his

(Continued above, right.)

companion's attention to the spectres; while the third moralises, with clasped hands, on the awful vision. The skeletons or decaying corpses (one of which is destroyed by a plaster failure) stand stark or grimly shrouded, accompanied with every symbol of corruption and decay. The fourteenth-century assortment of moths, beetles, worms, newts, and unmentionable creepy-crawlies has no parallel in England. Though having the same elaborate border as the Passion Cycle, there are indications that this subject is a somewhat later in the fourteenth century. Over the north door is a rare subject of great interest. Two women are shown sitting on a bench, while a red, hairy devil stands on their shoulders, a nasty two-taloned claw on each of their heads, pressing them together. This is another "warning" picture, this time against the sin of idle gossip or scandal-mongering, so often spoken against in medieval sermons. The subject was a favourite one with the medieval carver (a very similar treatment may be seen on one of the stall misericordes in New College Chapel, Oxford), but is not so often met with in wall-painting. There is much painting of a fragmentary character elsewhere in the church, and the whole discovery is yet another

(Continued below, right.)

(RIGHT) A RARE SUBJECT OF GREAT INTEREST: A WARNING AGAINST SCANDAL-MONGERING. A DEVIL, ABOVE, PRESSES TOGETHER THE HEADS OF TWO CONVERSING WOMEN.



A DRAWING SHOWING THE NORTH WALL OF THE NAVE AND PART OF THE NORTH AISLE OF PEAKIRK CHURCH, ON WHICH ARE FOUND THE MAJORITY OF THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WALL-PAINTINGS.

(Continued.) with elaborate borders, each scene divided from the next by a little yellow pillar. The upper row is heavily damaged and much of the set was only recovered with great difficulty. The series commences with The Last Supper and ends with our Lord's appearance to Mary Magdalene in the Garden. There are a number of interesting and unusual points about this set, the chief being the inclusion of two scenes rarely met with—Christ washing the Disciples' feet, and the Mocking and Buffeting of Christ. The Crucifixion is of particular interest, as it shows the Piercing of the Side and the Miracle of Longinus. The apocryphal gospels tell the story of the blind soldier told to place his spear in a particular position, of the Blood flowing from our Lord's side, and the miraculous cure of Longinus' blindness. At Peakirk the whole story is told in one scene with naive and moving directness. The spear pierces Christ's side; Longinus has one eye closed to denote blindness; the other open to indicate the regeneration of his sight, and to this he points for emphasis while he kneels to acknowledge the miracle. The Deposition is likewise a scene of touching drama, with Nicodemus, identified by his Rabbi's hat, removing the nails from our Lord's feet. The Resurrection also has the conventional sleeping soldiers in the arches beneath the tomb, on to the shoulder of one of whom Christ steps out. The whole set is a striking example of the people's art made to explain itself to simple folk at a glance with a minimum of detail. It recalls the whole connection between the arts in the Church and the religious

(Continued above, centre.)



THE THREE LIVING KINGS, OF THE FAMOUS MEDIEVAL MORALITY, AS PORTRAYED IN THE NORTH AISLE OF PEAKIRK CHURCH. THE FLOWERY BACKGROUND SYMBOLISES THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.



THE THREE DEAD KINGS (ONE LOST THROUGH A PLASTER FAILURE) AT PEAKIRK. THE MOTHS, BEETLES, WORMS AND THE LIZARD, IN THE BACKGROUND, SYMBOLISE CORRUPTION AND DECAY.

A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ST. CHRISTOPHER AND PART OF THE PASSION SEQUENCE. FROM THE LEFT, IN THE LOWER ROW, CAN BE SEEN THE CRUCIFIXION, DEPOSITION, ENTOMBMENT, RESURRECTION AND THE MEETING WITH MARY MAGDALENE.

(Continued.) instance of the completeness with which even the humblest medieval churches were covered with decorative and instructional paintings.

In addition to the principal subjects described above by Mr. E. Clive Rouse, there were found a number of fragmentary traces in other parts of the church at Peakirk, Northants. On the east end of the south wall there was a fragment of scroll-work and remains of an unidentified subject. On the west end is a post-Reformation text on a scroll passing round a tree. The text is Colossians 3, 1, from the Epistle for Easter Day; and elsewhere there were other traces of post-Reformation texts, too perished to identify. At the east end of the south aisle there are remains of an important subject, including two throned figures and another kneeling on one knee, which cannot be identified. In addition to the paintings, two other discoveries were made during the course of the work. First, a rood-stair opening, visible in the centre-left picture, at the extreme right of the Passion sequence. Second (near the south door), part of a "heart memorial" stone—i.e., the monument of a person who died elsewhere and wished his heart to be buried at Peakirk. It probably dates from the thirteenth century; and two arms and hands can be made out upon it. There are similar examples at Yaxley (Hunts) and Gately (Lincs).

The illustrations, except for the one photograph, are reproduced from water-colour drawings by Mr. E. Clive Rouse.



ADAPTATIONS FOR LIFE AMONG THE TREES: THE DIVERSITY OF FORM OF ARBOREAL ANIMALS

If a cat is chased by a dog, it is likely to make for the nearest tree, which it ascends with remarkable speed. Cats frequently climb, but they have no special adaptations for doing so. There are many other animals which normally do not climb as much as cats yet will do so under stress of circumstances. None of these animals is arboreal in the strict sense of the word. There are, however, a number which live habitually in trees and in many cases are so constructed that they are at a disadvantage on the ground. Since they spend almost the whole of their lives in the trees, we should expect that certain parts of their bodies are unduly accentuated for the function of grasping and clinging. As a

matter of course, these special adaptations will be found in the limbs and the tail. The modification of the tail may lead either to its becoming a balancer, as in the racoon, or a prehensile tail as in the tamandua, spider-monkey and others. There is an odd case of convergence seen in the tail that is pressed into the surface of a tree-trunk to support the body, being used as the third leg of a tripod. We find this in the spilted tail of the woodpecker and the tree-creeper, birds belonging to different families, and in the tail of the sloth. It is usual to think of a sloth hanging upside-down from a bough by its hook-like claws. In fact it spends quite a lot of its time moving about or clinging to the trunk in a

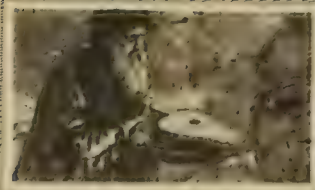
SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS", BY



OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS AND A SMALL MARINE ANIMAL WITH A PREHENSILE TAIL.

vertical position. Then the stump of a tail is pressed against the tree-trunk for support, very like the tail of a woodpecker. Feet used primarily for climbing are usually modified through the development of unusually large and sharp claws, or by means of a grasping limb. In the potto the inner toe of the front foot is very much lengthened and is opposable to the rest, and the second toe is reduced to a vestigial stump. Together these give a very wide span for grasping. Probably the most completely arboreal form is the sloth, in which the feet are enclosed in a common skin so that there are no separate toes, and on the pads so formed are implanted extremely long and powerful hook-like claws. Every

other part of the body is directed towards the greatest efficiency for living in trees. Even the hair, which is normally set towards the under-belly, is, in the sloth, set towards the middle of the back, so that rain falling on the animal as it hangs upside-down is thrown off. To complete the sum of its special adaptations, it may be recalled that the hair are grooved and that a green alga lives in the grooves so that the sloth resembles a growth of lichen on the tree, giving it a natural protection from its enemies. Our Artist has included a drawing of the sea-horse on these pages as an example of the prehensile tail in marine life.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT was inevitable that the buffalo should go if North America were to be opened up and way made for more profitable domestic stock. In any case, the settled plains could not have suffered the habitual north-south migrations of herds of powerful wild cattle, the bulls standing 6 ft. high at the shoulders, in herds of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 at a time. It may have led to the almost complete loss of a species, but Europe, too, had its bison, and there is even less remaining of that than of its close relative, the North American buffalo.

There is compensation, also, in the fact that whatever may have been the sins, of omission or commission, of the America of the nineteenth century, the provision made in this century, both in the U.S.A. and in Canada, for the protection and maintenance of the remnants of these vast hordes of buffalo represents the maximum that can be achieved.

There are other aspects to the story of the bison (or buffalo) which more surely merit our attention. There is, to begin with, the perhaps trifling question of names. In Britain we speak of the bison; in North America a markedly similar animal is called a buffalo. The word bison, derived from the Latin, is apparently of Germanic origin, which is reflected in the alternative name of wisent. The bison must at one time have been widespread over Europe, and fossil remains are found even here in Britain. Systematic hunting and the destruction of the forests accomplished its virtual extermination. There is, therefore, an irony in the fact that by the time the continent of America was discovered by Europeans, they should know the bison so little that its close cousin should have received the name of buffalo, a name associated by Europeans with wild cattle of Africa and Southern Asia. Presumably in this naming we can detect a Spanish or Portuguese influence.

In a way, this error in naming was fortunate, even though at times it is mildly bewildering. At least it emphasises that there is a difference between the two animals, in spite of their general similarities. The European bison (*Bison bonasus*) is slightly smaller, less shaggy and has a less pronounced hump than its North American counterpart (*Bison bison*). It was a forest-dweller, feeding on leaves, twigs and bark. The typical North American buffalo, on the other hand, was an inhabitant of the open plains and fed on grass. It is not difficult to believe that when the continent of America, on the one hand, and the Euro-Asiatic land mass, on the other hand, were joined, across the Bering Strait, the ancestors of the two species enjoyed a continuous range. That there was such a continuity between North America (the Nearctic as it is sometimes called) and the Palearctic (that is, Europe and Northern Asia) there can be little doubt. Without it there would be considerable difficulty in accounting for the similarity seen to-day between the large mammals of the two areas. Indeed, whereas at one time zoologists were inclined to recognise specific differences between closely related animals, especially the larger mammals, occupying the Nearctic and the Palearctic respectively, to-day, with an increased knowledge, the tendency is in the other direction. At one time, for example, we used to speak of an American beaver and a European beaver, and give them different specific names. Now it is generally conceded that they represent two races, and no more, of a single species. In the same way, the brown bears of Europe and Asia and those of North America were taken to represent several species. To-day it is fairly well accepted that there is one species only, with several races. The differences between the caribou of North America, and the reindeer of the Palearctic are sufficiently slight, in spite of the differences in their names, to suspect that they represent races only of a single species.

BUFFALO AND BISON.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

This leads us naturally to another very interesting point. Structurally and in general appearance, in habitat and diet, the two species of *Bison* differ more than, say, the American and the European beavers, or bears, or the caribou and reindeer. We may accept genetical changes acting under the pressure of natural selection as the main determinants in causing the

details of the everyday lives of either the North American buffalo or the wisent. And we know even less about the habits of their ancestors. It is one of the tragedies—for the zoologist, at least—that so many of the species which would most have repaid close study have been either exterminated or driven into the unnatural habitat of a national park, in reduced numbers, by the very civilisation which gives him the instruments and opportunities for their close study.

Although bison and buffalo have been discussed so far as though there were but one form of each, this is far from being the case. Even in Europe there was, until recently, a Caucasian race (*Bison bonasus caucasicus*), a slightly smaller, less shaggy animal. This led a precarious existence in the wilds of the Caucasus mountains, gradually dwindling in numbers, until, in 1930, it was reported completely gone. In North America several races of *Bison bison* have been recognised, the best-known being the wood bison (*Bison bison athabascæ*), now represented by a herd in Wood Buffalo Park, a reserve south of Slave Lake, set aside by the Canadian Government in 1922. It has a darker colour, thicker coat, and is a larger animal, with longer, more incurving horns than the plains buffalo. Formerly it was abundant over much of the North-Western Territory and in some parts of the U.S.A. Its numbers are now increasing satisfactorily, but the introduction of nearly 7000 plains buffaloes since 1925, and the consequent interbreeding, mean that the

sub-species is being submerged, even while the numbers of this relict are increasing.

Now comes a strange turn in the fortunes of the North American buffalo. Surveys made from the air give an estimated strength of the herds in Wood Buffalo Park of some 12,000, mostly hybrids of the wood buffalo and the semi-domesticated plains buffalo introduced earlier. Not for the first time in the history of controlled preservation of a species, it has become necessary to control its numbers, but this year the slaughter will be carried out on a more organised basis. Four hundred of the beasts will be slaughtered, but the killing will be selective. That is to say, all age groups will be represented in it. Presumably in this way a near approach will be made to the selective action of natural predators, which is known from experience to be the most effective means of maintaining the vitality of a stock.

The meat from the carcasses will be used to supplement the rations of the Mackenzie River Indians, whose supply of caribou has been depleted. A Government biologist will inspect the carcasses to determine the feeding habits of the buffalo and the present condition of the herds. From this it is hoped to ascertain the maximum number of buffalo the park can sustain with safety. Overcrowding of a population within a limited area, and with a limited food supply, can be more dangerous, from the ever-present danger

of epidemic, than indiscriminate slaughter. Once more, therefore, preservation with wise exploitation is being attempted. The remnant of a species that once nourished the North American Indian is being preserved under scientific conditions of control, the surplus animals being used to sustain the descendants of those Indians.

Meat, caribou, reindeer are related topics, and it may be appropriate here to revert to a sentence in last week's article, in which I stated that reindeer lose their antlers in December. This is an over-statement. The old males start to lose them in December, but the shedding of the antlers reaches its peak in February in the males, and later in the females. Incidentally, the story of the reindeer is the subject of a special Christmas exhibit in the main hall at the British Museum (Natural History).



SHOWING THE BROKEN SNOW CAUSED BY THE BUFFALOES WHEN SEARCHING FOR MUSKEG UPON WHICH THEY FEED: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF BUFFALOES IN THEIR RESERVE, TAKEN ABOUT 500 MILES NORTH OF EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA.



A SUB-SPECIES OF THE BETTER-KNOWN PLAINS BUFFALO, THE LAST SURVIVORS OF WHICH ARE NOW IN A RESERVE, WOOD BUFFALO PARK, IN THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY OF CANADA: A BULL WOOD BISON, HAVING PROBABLY SOMETHING OF THE PLAINS BUFFALO IN ITS BLOOD, AS NEARLY 7000 OF THE LATTER HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO THE RESERVE.

Photographs by Polar Photos.

evolution of two species, separated geographically, from a common stock previously sharing the same territory. And with this we must accept habitat and diet as major constituents in this process of natural selection.

Unhappily, argument along these lines must be purely speculative. We know precious little about

"AN IDEAL GIFT"

THERE is still time for a belated Christmas present or a New Year gift. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS
IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND
EVENTS OF NOTE.



SIR CLEMENT PRICE THOMAS.
Knighted and invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order by H.M. the King on December 14. Sir Clement Price Thomas, who is fifty-eight, performed the operation for lung resection on his Majesty on September 23.



SIR GEOFFREY MARSHALL.
Knighted and invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order by H.M. the King on December 14. Sir Geoffrey Marshall, who is sixty-three, and an authority on respiratory complaints, is one of the doctors who attended his Majesty.



BACK IN LONDON: MR. R. N. GARDNER, SECOND SECRETARY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PRAGUE.
Mr. Robert Neil Gardner, Second Secretary at the British Embassy in Prague, who was expelled by the Czech Government after a shooting incident connected with his alleged arrest while collecting secret information, arrived at London Airport on December 16. He had marks on his face and plaster over one eye.



COL. DOUGLAS CLIFTON BROWN.
Speaker of the House of Commons for eight years, until he retired at the end of the last Parliament, Colonel Clifton Brown, on whom the King has conferred a viscounty by the name, style and title of Viscount Ruffside, of Hexham, in the County of Northumberland.



SECOND LIEUT. W. PURVES.
Awarded the D.S.O. for bravery while serving with The King's Own Scottish Borderers in Korea on the eve of November 5, when the Chinese Communists launched 6000 men in an attack on a vital ridge position. He is the first National Service man to receive the D.S.O.



THE EARL OF PERTH.
Died on December 15, aged seventy-five. He was British Ambassador in Rome from 1933-39. Previously, for fourteen years, he was, as Sir Eric Drummond, the first Secretary-General of the League of Nations. He succeeded to the Earldom, which dates from 1605, in 1937.



PROFESSOR E. D. ADRIAN, O.M.
Elected President of the Royal Society for the ensuing year. Aged sixty-two, he was Professor of Physiology at Cambridge University from 1937 until 1951. He is Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was awarded the Order of Merit in 1942.



SIR FRANCIS TOWLE.
Died on December 19, aged seventy-five. He was chairman of the executive committee of the British Hotels and Restaurants Association and founder and president of the International Hotels Association. Controller of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, 1916-19.



MR. H. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS.
Died at Nassau, Bahamas, on Dec. 16, aged 53. The author of numerous historical and detective books, he will be long remembered for his works about World War II, which include "The Battle of Britain," etc. He was Librarian of the House of Commons from 1946-50.



CHRISTMAS IN EXILE: THE DAUGHTERS OF EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY IN PORTUGAL.
Our photograph, taken just before Christmas at Cascais, the Portuguese fishing village, where the Italian Royal family are in exile, shows (from left to right) Princess Maria Gabriella (born in 1940), Princess Beatrice (born in 1943), and Princess Maria Pia (born in 1934). Ex-King Umberto left Italy for Portugal on June 13, 1946, following a referendum.



THE QUEEN PRESENTING AWARDS TO STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK ON DECEMBER 18.
H.M. the Queen presented awards to students of the Royal School of Needlework at a ceremony held at 23, Knightsbridge, on December 18. Her Majesty later had tea with Princess Alice, President of the School, and other officials. Our photograph shows a student curtsying to the Queen.



LISTENING TO MESSAGES OF REMEMBRANCE ON DEC. 12: COUNTESS MARIA CRISTINA MARCONI, IN ROME.
On a radio receiver used by Guglielmo Marconi, his widow listened to messages of remembrance sent to the Italian broadcasting corporation from stations all over the world on December 12, the fiftieth anniversary of Marconi's first trans-Atlantic wireless message between Cornwall and Newfoundland on December 12, 1901.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON (CENTRE), AT FLAGSTAFF HOUSE, KUALA LUMPUR, WHERE HE LUNCHEONED DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO MALAYA.
This photograph was taken on the occasion of a luncheon-party at Kuala Lumpur which Major-General Urquhart, G.O.C., Malaya, gave for Mr. Lyttelton. It shows (l. to r.) Major-General Urquhart, Mr. Paskin, Mrs. Del Tufo, Lieut.-General Sir Euan Miller, the Military Secretary, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, A.S.P. G. Bentley (A.D.C. to his Excellency), Mrs. Urquhart, Mr. MacIntosh (P.S. to Mr. Lyttelton), Mr. Del Tufo, O.A.C., and Captain H. D. R. Mackay (A.D.C. to the G.O.C.).



UNVEILING A PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE CLOSE ASSOCIATION BETWEEN THE N.S.P.C.C. AND R.S.P.C.A.: THE DUKE OF PORTLAND (RIGHT).
A plaque commemorating the close association between the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was unveiled in the council chamber at the R.S.P.C.A. headquarters in London on December 18 by the Duke of Portland, chairman of the N.S.P.C.C. Dr. W. S. Russell Thomas, chairman of the council of the R.S.P.C.A., can also be seen in our photograph (left).

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY ACQUISITIONS: NOTABLES FROM MANY ERAS AND WALKS OF LIFE.



"THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON AND JANE GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET"; ATT. TO SIR FRANCIS GRANT. (93 by 59 ins.) *Given by Lady Waverlee.*



"JOHN POOLE" (1786?-1872), PLAYWRIGHT AND AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY"; BY H. W. PICKERSGILL. (29½ by 24½ ins.) *Purchased.*



"HENRY RICH, 1ST EARL OF HOLLAND" (1590-1649). FROM THE STUDIO OF DANIEL MYTENS. (85½ by 51½ ins.) *Purchased.*



"THOMAS KILLIGREW" (1612-1683), PLAYWRIGHT AND BUILDER OF FIRST DRURY LANE THEATRE; BY WILLIAM SHEPPARD, 1650. (49 by 38½ ins.) *Purchased.*



"DAME ELLEN TERRY" (1848-1928), ACTRESS; BY SIR JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON, 1876. BEQUEATHED BY THE ARTIST'S WIDOW. (23½ by 19½ ins.)



"SIR FRANK BENSON" (1858-1939), ACTOR-MANAGER; BY R. G. EVES, 1924. LENT BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY, TO WHOM MR. FRANCIS HOWARD BEQUEATHED IT. (29½ by 24½ ins.)



"JOHN WILKINSON" (1728-1808), "FATHER OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE IRON TRADE"; BY LEMUEL FRANCIS ABBOTT. (30 by 25 ins.) *Purchased.*



"SIR RICHARD BINGHAM" (1528-1599), "A MAN EMINENT BOTH FOR SPIRIT AND MARTIAL KNOWLEDGE..."; ARTIST UNKNOWN. (22½ by 19 ins.) *Purchased.*



"KING CHARLES II." (1630-1685), REIGNED 1660-1685. FROM THE STUDIO OF JOHN RILEY, POSSIBLY BY CLOSTERMAN. (29½ by 23½ ins.) *Purchased.*

The notabilities whose portraits have recently been acquired by the National Portrait Gallery come from many walks of life. The Hon. Caroline Norton and Jane Georgiana, Duchess of Somerset, granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, were, with their sister, Lady Dufferin, celebrated for their beauty. Kemble, Liston and Farren appeared in the many comedies of John Poole. The first Earl of Holland, though an intermittent Parliamentarian, was beheaded as a Royalist. Killigrew, described by Pepys as "a merry droll but a gentleman

of great esteem with the King," is shown in his portrait by Sheppard—one of several versions made in Venice in 1650—with the volumes of his plays and a portrait of Charles I. to indicate his Stuart adherence. Sir Frank Benson was famous for his Shakespearean touring companies. John Wilkinson was a great ironmaster. Sir Richard Bingham, soldier of fortune, was Governor of Connaught. A fine military commander, but he showed merciless severity in putting down the Connaught Rebellion of 1586.

TALENT AND BEAUTY: NEWCOMERS TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



"JOHANNA MARIA LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT" (1820-1887), THE SINGER JENNY LIND; BY EDUARD MAGNUS. KNOWN AS "THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE," SHE WAS FAMOUS AS AN OPERATIC AND ORATORIO SOPRANO. ENGLAND BECAME HER HOME IN THE LATTER PART OF HER LIFE.

(46½ by 37 ins.) Bequeathed by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Helen Goldschmidt.



"SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, BART." (1628-1699). REPRESENTATIVE OF CHARLES II. AT THE HAGUE, MAN OF LETTERS AND PATRON OF SWIFT: BY GASPAR NETSCHER, 1675, PAINTED IN HOLLAND. (20½ by 17 ins.) Purchased.



"DOROTHY (OSBORNE), LADY TEMPLE" (1627-1695). THE ACTIVE HELPMET OF HER HUSBAND, SIR WILLIAM; BY GASPAR NETSCHER, 1671. SHE IS NOW REMEMBERED FOR HER ENDEARING LOVE-LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM. (19 by 15 ins.) Purchased.

The interesting personalities represented in paintings recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery include those reproduced on this and our facing page. Jenny Lind, the Swedish soprano, first heard in this country as Alice in "Robert le Diable" in 1847, was famous as Susanna in "Figaro," and in many other operatic rôles; and as an oratorio singer. She will always be remembered for her singing of the soprano part in Handel's "The Messiah." England became her home and she was, at one time, Professor of Singing at the Royal College



"SIR GODFREY KNELLER, BART." (1646-1723), A SELF-PORTRAIT, 1685, AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS BEST PERIOD. HIS SITTERS INCLUDED CHARLES II., LOUIS XIV., JAMES II., PETER THE GREAT, QUEEN ANNE AND GEORGE I. (28 by 24 ins.) Purchased.

of Music. Her last appearance was in Düsseldorf in January, 1870, in "Ruth," an oratorio by her husband, Otto Goldschmidt. Dorothy Osborne, Lady Temple, wrote some of the most charming love-letters in the English language to Sir William Temple during their long courtship. Netscher's portrait of Temple shows him in what must have been a characteristic pose, as he wrote once: "I know not what 'tis that makes me so prone to the posture of musing." The fine Kneller self-portrait shows the court painter in a self-confident pose.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

TINKERING AND POTTERING.

By ALAN DENT.

MR. MAUGHAM has again left our sad shores, remarking to a reporter as he left that he was glad the public enjoyed his three stories in "Encore" as much as he enjoyed them himself. "I had forgotten how good they were"—he is reported as saying—"and they remain good because they have not been altered for cinematic or any other reasons." This

he has left behind are in his past, and what lies round the corner is in his future. But to the man in an aeroplane all three are the present. Whence, Peter argues, all Time must really be one and continuous.

Maeterlinck has said much the same thing in a different place: "It is almost certain that nothing exists but an immense Present—eternal, immobile—where everything which has been and everything that will be has its changeless place. The result is that to-morrow, except in the ephemeral mind of mankind, is not to be distinguished from yesterday or from to-day." In fact, Maeterlinck once expressed himself as quite surprised at Nature's carelessness in having failed to provide Man with a bunch of cells to do for the future what his memory-cells do for the past. And he went on to suggest that the more successful among seers and sibyls have been less good logicians and good guessers than extraordinary individuals possessing the

alter in any particular or circumstance that which happened to the old Peter. And so Helen must die for love of the man who is not to be born for another hundred years. A major critic of the day was moved to a rapture which I fully shared, and also to a protesting query: "The exquisite tenderness of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson was so heartbreaking that one almost resented the action of our playwrights in going so unnecessarily out of their way to wring our hearts. One asked if there was not enough romantic unhappiness on earth at one time without postulating lovers separated by the centuries." One recalls, too, the rare tact of the late Leslie Howard in encompassing the difficult part of Peter. Even those playgoers who declined to find any metaphysical adventurousness in the piece readily granted that it was a brilliant comedy, with a core of heartrending pathos.

The film turns out to be a wry, jocose and laboured comedy whose core of pathos is hardly ever communicated. Mr. Power tries very hard, but his methods are by no means subtle enough nor his features expressive enough for Peter Standish. Similarly, Miss Ann Blyth, though she is remarkably pretty, has nothing like the evocative and piercing power necessary for Helen. Prettiness is not nearly enough. The playing, however, is not nearly as much to blame as the script-writer. For the person, or persons, responsible for this script has taken away all the delicacy, finesse and quality of the original play's dialogue, leaving hardly anything of distinction excepting the passage from Henry James already cited and substituting a deal of dead-and-alive stuff and some fooling which can hardly be called adult.

In the film, for example, all that the modern Peter Standish hopes to do in the course of his expedition to the eighteenth century is summed up in the speech: "I want to go to the theatre—talk to Dr. Johnson—everything!" Does he fulfil this comprehensive ambition? Well, we see him outside but not inside a theatre advertising Mrs. Siddons; and we see him making encounters with Dr. Johnson and Boswell in an extremely short scene; that is all. Peter quotes a subsequent dictum that the British Empire is one on which the sun will never set. Boswell says: "I wish I had said that." And Peter counters with: "You will, Boswell, you will." This echo of the Wilde-Whistler anecdote is the nearest thing the film has to wit, and its source is not acknowledged. Pottering and tinkering could hardly go further.

Afterthought: In the middle story, "Winter Cruise," of Mr. Maugham's film "Encore," the indefatigably cheerful old maid, Miss Reid, declares that the ship's doctor (Ronald Squire) reminds her of Emily Brontë. When I dealt here with the film, I strove vainly to find an epithet for Mr. Squire's



"A WRY, JOCOSE AND LABOURED COMEDY WHOSE CORE OF PATHOS IS HARDLY EVER COMMUNICATED": "THE HOUSE IN THE SQUARE" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (RONALD SIMPSON) PAINTS THE PORTRAIT OF PETER STANDISH (TYRONE POWER) WATCHED BY HELEN PETTIGREW (ANN BLYTH) AND KATE (BEATRICE CAMPBELL).

echoes something I have been saying repeatedly on this page in various forms and on various occasions. Looking back, in fact, to my very first appearance here exactly five years ago, I find that I was reviewing a film of the novel, "The Razor's Edge," by this very same author, and that in the course of my review I wrote: "I found the whole film as absorbing as the novel from which it is directly taken. The reason? The reason lies in the word 'directly.' For here again there has been no tinkering and pottering with the taut dialogue of a master of the craft."

The amount of tinkering and pottering that has gone towards turning that moving play, "Berkeley Square," into that new film, "The House in the Square," passes all credence. Vividly do I remember the play itself, not only for its own haunting sake, but because it was produced in my very first week in London, the first week in October, 1926. The programme's credits were "a play by John L. Balderston in collaboration with J. C. Squire," and went on to indicate some considerable foundation in Henry James's novel, "The Sense of the Past." (The film's credits, by the way, run to no more than "founded on a play by John L. Balderston.")

But in view of what has happened to the script one cannot imagine that my eminent colleague, Sir John Squire, is burning with indignation, or anything like it. Still in parenthesis, let me say—since there is unlikely ever to be a better occasion—that during that same month, a quarter-century ago, I badgered the then Mr. Squire in the office of the *London Mercury* with a very slim book of poems from my own hand. He was kind, without being too encouraging. He beamed, and said he suspected that a poet lurked within me. Yet the volume remains—if the poet does not—very slim indeed.)

But to our travesty! The film tells a tale of an overworked young atom-research professor (Tyrone Power) who is knocked down by a thunderclap on his own doorstep in Berkeley Square, and who finds, when he recovers and goes into the house, that he has simultaneously stepped into the late eighteenth century, which was the house's heyday. He also discovers that he has stepped from monochrome into Technicolor. (This notion is not in its effect as displeasing as it sounds.) To its credit the film does declare itself beholden to Henry James in Peter Standish's clue-speech—i.e., the speech which gives us the clue to the whole metaphysical meaning of the play. In this Peter—quoting James—describes the course of life as that of a man sailing down a winding stream. The clover-field is in his present; the trees



"THE FILM TELLS A TALE OF AN OVERWORKED YOUNG ATOM-RESEARCH PROFESSOR (TYRONE POWER) WHO IS KNOCKED DOWN BY A THUNDERCLAP ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP IN BERKELEY SQUARE, AND WHO FINDS, WHEN HE RECOVERS AND GOES INTO THE HOUSE, THAT HE HAS SIMULTANEOUSLY STEPPED INTO THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH WAS THE HOUSE'S HEYDAY." A SCENE FROM "THE HOUSE IN THE SQUARE," SHOWING PETER STANDISH (TYRONE POWER) FRIGHTENING THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE (KATHLEEN BYRON) BY TALKING TO HER AS IF SHE WERE DEAD. DR. JOHNSON (ROBERT ATKINS) LOOKS ON MYSTIFIED.

beginnings of some such physical apparatus.

The foregoing bears directly upon the play "Berkeley Square," if something less directly upon the film "The House in the Square." (The whole theory is possibly built upon an unsound analogy. But it can do no reader any harm to lend it his mind for a minute or two, especially since we are near the turn of the year, when the notion of Time is naturally with us all.) Peter Standish, the American of 1926—and of 1951, in the film—arranges that his mind shall inhabit the body of, and for a space live the life of, his ancestral cousin, the Peter Standish of 1784.

Many ageing or "getting-on" playgoers must recall the extraordinary poignancy of Peter's necessarily fruitless love for Helen Pettigrew and hers for him. The new Peter is clamped by the past; he cannot



A FILM WHICH HAD A LONDON PREMIERE IN AID OF THE HELP TO GREECE CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE: "THE HOUSE IN THE SQUARE"—SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH PETER STANDISH (TYRONE POWER) AND TOM PETTIGREW (DENNIS PRICE) GO TO A BOXING MATCH. PETER, KNOWING THE FUTURE, IS ABLE TO PREDICT THAT MENDOZA (WHO APPEARS TO BE LOSING THE MATCH) WILL WIN.

staggered appearance at this astounding statement. But a recent correspondence in the *Sunday Times* gives me the exact epithet. Dr. Edith Sitwell herself can hardly deny that the only word to fit Mr. Squire's appearance at this juncture is "emily-coloured."

IN ITS SILVER JUBILEE SEASON: THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA.



THE BERTRAM MILLS CHIMPANZEES—AN EXTREMELY LIVELY TROUPE TRAINED BY AMLETTO SCIPLINI—
HERE SEEN IN A PERAMBULATOR ACT (LEFT) AND FACING A TRAFFIC PROBLEM ON THE BAR.



IN A NEW SORT OF "CAT WALK": A TIGER OF KNIE'S MIXED TROUPE OF LIONS
AND TIGERS, TRAINED BY VOJTECH TRUBKA, GOES THROUGH A BALANCING ACT.



A NEW ACTIVITY FOR AN "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN": ONE OF JOHNNY'S FOUR "TEDDY BEARS,"
WHO DO A VARIETY OF COMIC TURNS WITH A DOG COMPANION, RIDING A MOTOR-CYCLE.



ONE OF FREDDY KNIE'S TEAM OF TWELVE LIPPIZANA HORSES, PROGENY OF THE SPANISH
RIDING SCHOOL OF VIENNA, BURSTING THROUGH A DRUM IN THE RING.



PRESERVING AN AIR OF DIGNITY AND IRONY AS HE JUMPS THROUGH A TUBE: ONE OF THE
LIONS OF KNIE'S MIXED TROUPE OF LIONS AND TIGERS, TRAINED BY TRUBKA.

On December 19 the Bertram Mills Circus opened at Olympia for its Silver Jubilee season, and is to continue there until Saturday, January 26. As our

photographs show, a great feature of this circus is the animal acts, remarkable, beautiful and comic; and in addition to those shown here there are turns by Fjord horses, Shetland ponies and Burmese elephants. Of the human performers, the most hair-raising is Wickbold, who motor-cycles round a bottomless "wall of death" suspended from the dome. Rudy Horn does a clever juggling act illustrated on another page; Freddy Knie does "high-school" riding; the well-known Cumberlands are there with their high-speed bareback riding act; and there is a brilliant selection of trapeze, springboard, catching and trampoline acts; and, of course, a rich confusion of clowns.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A SIDELIGHT ON 18TH-CENTURY TASTE.

By FRANK DAVIS.*

industry in green Burmese jade. The authors suggest that jade was too expensive for the European market, which is another way of saying that no one in the West was at this date capable of appreciating the subtlety of the Chinese treatment of this beautiful and, to the natives, precious material. Instead, they exported

under Charles II., of sending out patterns of cabinet work to be made in China. This was eventually too serious a matter to be overlooked by the Joiners' Company, which was gravely perturbed because "several merchants and others have procured to be made in London of late years and sent over to the East Indies patterns and models of all forms of cabinet goods and have yearly returned from thence . . . quantities of cabinet wares, manufactured after the English fashion."

It requires a considerable imaginative effort to put ourselves back into the early eighteenth century, when the arrival of an East Indiaman in the Port of London would bring ardent collectors down-river to look for the latest lacquer, porcelains and silks. It was, it must be admitted, an unlettered pursuit, for most Europeans were interested in the bizarre rather than the exquisite, and had no means of comparing what the Chinese cared to export with what they kept for themselves.

Here in this volume, "Chinese Export Art in the Eighteenth Century," by Margaret Jourdain and R. Soame Jenyns, is an exact and well-documented account of the type of goods which came to the West throughout the century and which exercised so great an influence upon the domestic arts, especially, of course, upon the porcelain factories. More than this, there is also some fascinating evidence about the designs sent out from England to be made for the European market by the Chinese. Probably the most familiar things of the kind were the dinner services which were made frequently at the beginning and in great quantity towards the end of the century. All the Chinese had to guide them was, as often as not, an engraved book-plate showing the owner's coat-of-arms, and this led sometimes to amusing errors. There is in existence, for example, a service, and on each piece, under the arms is the instruction: "These are the arms of myself and my wife." The painter, trained to thoroughness, had copied the instructions as well as the heraldry. As to the care



MOUNTED ON AN ENGLISH GILT STAND, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A JAPANESE LACQUER CABINET.

"Some of the lacquer imported into Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was Japanese, which reached the country through Chinese or Indian ports. Nearly all Japanese lacquer found its way to Europe through Dutch ships, for the Dutch, confined to the small island of Deshima, in Nagasaki harbour, were masters of the field till the opening up of Japan in 1868."

some rather trivial pieces of soapstone, several of which came to the British Museum with the Sloane Collection. Silks and damasks were another matter—they came over in enormous quantities as early as the middle of the seventeenth century and were the cause of many headaches to both the French and English silk manufacturers.

To many readers the section devoted to lacquer will be of exceptional interest, for numerous examples have survived, especially those rectangular cabinets which our ancestors in the time of Charles II. delighted to place upon highly elaborate stands. (I am thinking specially of one I saw recently at Ham House.) Chinese lacquer was so popular that the English trade produced some excellent imitations, tracing the design accurately from imported panels. The fashion was responsible for what is, if my memory is not at fault, the earliest of all practical furniture books, the "treatise on Japanning," by the otherwise unknown Stalker and Parker, 1688. Then there was the practice, begun



PAINTED IN EUROPE WITH A DUTCH SHIP AND THE ARMS OF ZEALAND AND THE DATE 1700: A CHINESE DISH. (Diameter 8½ ins. British Museum.)

Chinese export porcelain made for the European market in the eighteenth century includes pieces exported to Europe in the white, and decorated by European artists. It is not a branch of Chinese ceramic art, but is included by Margaret Jourdain and R. Soame Jenyns because the European decoration is sometimes confused with Chinese renderings of European subjects.

with which the work was done and the original moulds preserved, a note records the following: "Mr. Anthony Keswick recently ordered pieces for a dinner service from Ching-te Chên—the great pottery centre which the French Jesuit Père d'Entrecolles described so vividly in two famous letters, one in 1712, the other in 1722—to replace parts of a broken armorial service made for his family in China in the eighteenth century." From a minor imperfection it was possible to see that the sauce-boats had been made from the same mould as their eighteenth-century predecessors." On the whole, the trade seems to have been in the hands of not very perspicacious people, for as early as 1699 we find Le Comte writing: "the European merchants no longer deal with good artists, and having no knowledge of these matters take what the Chinese offer them."

One thing the Chinese did not offer was jade—at any rate, not in any quantity, in spite of the fact that Canton during the century was the centre of the



PAINTED IN ENAMELS IN EUROPE WITH A HORSEMAN AND INSCRIBED ON THE BACK "GEORGE II": A SAUCER DISH OF CHINESE PORCELAIN. (Diameter 8½ ins. British Museum.)

This saucer dish of Chinese porcelain was painted in enamels in Europe with a horseman and is inscribed on the back "George II." It commemorates the battle of Dettingen, 1743, at which George II. led his troops in person, the last English King to do so. [Illustrations from "Chinese Export Art in the Eighteenth Century," by courtesy of the publishers, Country Life, Ltd.]



PAINTED WITH A EUROPEAN WOMAN READING TO CHILDREN IN A LANDSCAPE SCENE: A PLAQUE OVERLAIN WITH ENAMEL, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (6½ by 4½ ins. Mr. Basil and the Hon. Mrs. Ionides.)

The design of this plaque overlaid with enamel shows how the Chinese artists of the eighteenth century represented European subjects.

harmonising with lacquer and Chinese silks. They are, of course, furniture pieces, painted by artisans, not by artists. The other considerable export was enamel, which the Chinese called "foreign porcelain" and which is the only craft they learnt from the West. There are some extremely entertaining examples among the illustrations, including a kettle on a spirit lamp enamelled in *famille rose* colours, and a vase enamelled with pictures of churches in a landscape under white clouds in a blue sky.

I have endeavoured to give an indication of the range covered by this book, and find that I may have given the impression that it is much ado about nothing. While it is true that some of the goods exported were trivial in themselves, and that the fine things were either not appreciated at all or admired for trivial reasons, it is equally true that this long intercourse between the Far East and Europe had far-reaching effects upon European manufactures. These exports touched our own way of life at many points, and the authors, with their wide and exact knowledge of the period, have been at pains to put before us ample evidence from contemporary records. It is a very valuable piece of historical research.

* Frank Davis reviews on this page "Chinese Export Art in the Eighteenth Century." By Margaret Jourdain and R. Soame Jenyns. Illustrated. (Country Life, Ltd.; 3 guineas.)

FROM THE 18TH CENTURY ONWARDS: ROYAL NAVAL OFFICERS' UNIFORMS.

An interesting exhibition illustrating the frequent changes in the uniform of Naval Officers since it was first instituted in 1748, has been arranged at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. It is obvious that a complete collection of actual uniforms—even if it were possible to assemble such a display—would take up more space than is available, so a selection of actual uniforms is on view, reinforced by four oil paintings. (Captain William Gordon in the uniform of 1748-1767; Sir William Hargood, painted during the short period from 1830 to 1843, when the traditional blue-and-white gave place to blue-and-scarlet; Admiral Richard Vesey Hamilton in late nineteenth-century uniform; and, finally, Admiral of the Fleet Sir James Somerville in the white uniform now worn in hot climates), and by an exceptionally well-chosen selection of prints of Naval officers

[Continued below.]



CAPTAIN, FULL DRESS, 1795. IT WAS IN THIS YEAR THAT EPAULETTES (MISSING) WERE INTRODUCED.



VICE-ADMIRAL, UNDRESS, 1795: A UNIFORM OF NELSON'S, WITH REPLICAS OF THE DECORATIONS HE HABITUALLY WORE.



CAPTAIN, UNDRESS, 1795. THE UNDRESS UNIFORMS OF 1795 WERE THE FIGHTING KIT OF THE PERIOD.



REAR-ADMIRAL, FULL DRESS, 1812. THE FIRST YEAR FOR WHICH ILLUSTRATED REGULATIONS ARE KNOWN WAS 1825.



COMMANDER, FULL DRESS, 1825. AT THIS PERIOD AN OFFICER HAD FULL DRESS, UNDRESS AND THE ROUND JACKET.



CAPTAIN, FULL DRESS, 1833. COCKED HATS, INTRODUCED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WERE FIRST WORN ATWARTSHIPS.

[Continued.] in red. When a uniform was eventually designed, blue-and-white were the colours chosen. Tradition says that the King selected them after he had admired the Duchess of Bedford, looking very attractive in a riding-habit of blue-and-white. Blue-and-white have remained the colours for Naval uniform ever since, except for a period from 1830 to 1843, when facings were of scarlet. In 1825, the first year for which illustrated regulations are known, an officer had three rigs: full-dress, undress and the round jacket, really the undress coat without tails, which survived until 1891. Three-cornered hats were worn until the end of the eighteenth century, when they gave way to cocked hats worn athwartships. Officers other than those of flag rank turned their cocked hats fore and aft at about the beginning of the nineteenth century, but flag officers retained theirs athwartships until later.

[Continued.] in the dress of various dates. The exhibition is completed by a set of modern Dresden porcelain figures of Naval officers in uniform. On this page we reproduce some of the actual uniforms on view. The undress uniform coat which belonged to Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson in 1805 (uniform regulations of 1795), has the replicas of the four Orders of Chivalry which he commonly wore—the Bath (1797), the Crescent (1799), St. Ferdinand (1800) and St. Joachim (1802). It is of plain blue, with lapels and buttons on sleeves and pockets. The Museum also possesses a similar uniform coat which Nelson was wearing when killed, and with the bullet-hole in the left shoulder; and his full-dress Vice-Admiral's coat and the undress Rear-Admiral's coat he wore at the Battle of the Nile in 1798. Epauletttes were not introduced until 1795, and before 1748 Naval officers seemed to have been dressed

[Continued above, right.]



COMMODORE, 2ND CLASS, 1864. THE FROCK-COAT, AS SHOWN IN THIS UNIFORM, WAS INTRODUCED IN 1847.



VICE-ADMIRAL, FULL DRESS, 1879. BY 1825 REGULATIONS, FLAG OFFICERS HAD A GOLD-LACED AND ALSO A PLAIN COCKED HAT.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, UNDRESS, 1943. A GOLD CROWN CAP BADGE WAS INTRODUCED IN 1846.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I AM inclined to think the "family chronicle" is fiction at its least gay. It has a special talent for lowering the value of life; it takes the shine out of experience, not wilfully, but by the simple process of going on and on. And that, perhaps, is in the nature of things. If one could read the book of fate, observes a leading figure in the greatest of our own chronicles, there would be no more point in anything.

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.

The family chronicle is like the book of fate, but with an air of melancholy super-session. These things all happened in the past—so we are made to feel. Whereas in practice everything must happen *now*, and so its aura will be quite different.

"The Dark Lantern," by Henry Williamson (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), is the beginning of a family chronicle. And it is very definitely past. And it is full of grief. And far from struggling with these conditions, it embraces them; it goes to meet them half-way. As a result, it has achieved a rich and melancholy beauty in a very slender frame of event.

The scene itself, the fringe of London in the 'nineties, is about to pass, and has the sad enchantment of the doomed. And Richard Maddison is drawn to it, as to a fellow-sufferer. For his existence has depreciated in the same way; he is a country boy, living nostalgically in his country childhood, but condemned to labour as a bank clerk. And hopelessly condemned, since he has no resilience. He is strict, sensitive, devitalised, a born worrier; he "grieves in mind and feeling" so persistently as to be unaware of it. But he is conscious of a great need, a need for Hetty Turney and her tenderness. Hetty would bring him peace—would be his mother, and his childhood, and his lost home.

But courting her is a perpetual torment. Hetty is fond and faithful, but the grieving Richard can't believe it for long. Her father almost literally throws him out—for Thomas Turney is a rich man, a symbol of the urban juggernaut, and a domestic bully. They can't clope, for Richard would lose his job; he has not reached the salary for marriage. And if they married secretly, it might come out. . . . And, after all, when they have braved the storm and anguish, there is no haven. Richard still grieves; and now his wife, the sentimentalist, the child of "villadom," the foolish laughter at wrong moments, has become another ground of anxiety. And Hetty learns to shrink at his returning step. Yet she still loves him with maternal fondness, and his need of her is still absolute.

It is a story built up like a pageant, scene after scene, under the shining landmark of the Crystal Palace: a scroll of country walks and drives, of stolen rendezvous, of evenings on Richard's Hill, of calm domestic loneliness and dread encounters with the sub-human—the terrible and helpless poor. Hetty is least afraid of them, for she is least afraid of life; while Richard's terror strikes a note of irony—the irony of life itself, which is discreetly hinted all through. Into the bargain, there are flashes of submerged fun. And every evocation has a large and mellow, yet exact beauty.

But it has no pretension to be gay. Readers in search of gaiety should go to "Children of the Archbishop," by Norman Collins (Collins; 15s.), a story which has no pretension—at least, no serious pretension—to be like life, but which is unequivocally and superbly comic.

It starts off with a bundle on the doorstep of a Putney orphanage—a bundle carefully wrapped up, and labelled "Sweetie." Sweetie is the presumptive heroine. Almost from birth she sets her cap at Ginger on the boys' side, and at the end she has laid hold of him. Yet it is really not their book, though each, and more particularly Ginger, helps things along, by a succession of convulsive pranks. Still less is it the book of Margaret, as the author makes out. Margaret, with her Madonna-calm; her life of toil and service, and her open secret, is a mere sop—mere sentimental garnish to the feast of farce.

Really, this is the book of Dr. Trump, who has succeeded dear old Canon Mallow at the Bodkin Hospital: who is proposed to by the Bishop's daughter: who feels inspired to discipline his little world, and to reorganise it, and to publicise it, and to make a big noise: and who collapses in a flood of limelight he had not bargained for. And to a less extent, it is the book of Sydney Prevarius, the unfrocked organist whose Mecca is the Charing Cross Road: who has a gift for song-hits and a passion for assumed names, and whose pursuit of love is so entangled by circumstance. Whenever either of them is around, comic inventions multiply and comic detail spurts forth, as though from Bodkin's engine on the night of the fire. "Dickensian" for Mr. Collins has become a cliché; and one can't wonder.

"What Dreams May Come," by Cynthia Asquith (James Barrie; 10s. 6d.), is a book of ghost stories—to give them a generic title. And that immediately provokes the question, Are they all horrid? Are any of them really horrid? Thank goodness, no; at least in my opinion no. Of course reactions vary a great deal, and those who like to shiver may be less resistant. *The Follower*, which has a really horrid climax, is a border-line case, and could induce a shiver with encouragement. But, on the whole, it is a nice book—not rising creepily from the unconscious, but evolved in daylight, out of a normal healthy interest in the supernatural. As a result, the stories are a shade contrived, and they are stretched too thin. But then a perfect specimen of the macabre is an extreme rarity, and, incidentally, a thing of horror. These tales, diluted, competent and healthy-minded, should appeal to everyone.

"Murder Out Of School," by Miles Burton (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is a whodunit of the solid kind. A well-known prep school has been bought on its commercial merits by a somewhat shady headmaster. Fordyce has asked his friends down for a celebration, and the morning after, one of them is found in a ditch. The police identify him as a currency crook, and they believe Fordyce and others must have known about him. Suspicion therefore concentrates upon the party, with Fordyce in the lead. Of course, Inspector Arnold is in charge, with Desmond Merrion to jog his elbow. They have always been a tame pair, but the solution this time is rather wild—and more suggestive of a thriller than of sober homicide.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MAGICAL PROPERTIES.

WHEN I first knew Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, the author of "The Magic of My Youth" (Hart-Davis; 12s. 6d.), he was an undergraduate at Hertford, wore polo jumpers, was reputed to be highly intellectual and in some way "wicked." If I remember rightly he earned the last-named reputation because of a story that he had celebrated the Black Mass in his college. As Mr. Calder-Marshall points out in this delightful fragment of autobiography, his reputation was in no way deserved, a piece of mild undergraduate fun being transformed into an abomination of wickedness by the ingenious malice of a mutual friend, the late Hugh Speaight. Mr. Calder-Marshall's book covers a period from the end of the 'twenties to the early 'thirties, when he came under the indirect influence of that extraordinary creature, the late Aleister Crowley. Aleister Crowley liked the world to think him a notable black magician. It may well have been the case that he was a considerable adept. Mr. Calder-

Marshall, however, found him a shambling, rather silly, obscene old man. He tells the story of the odd Abbey of Thelema on Cefalu and of the death of Raoul Loveday. It was a strange world for an undergraduate in which Calder-Marshall found himself. It is clear that he took at least part of the black magical atmosphere seriously. I do not find this surprising. It is much easier to believe in the devil than it is to believe in God, and there can be no doubt in my mind that there are evil and occult forces at work in the world in which we live. Mr. Calder-Marshall is interesting enough when he writes about Aleister Crowley. For many of us who were his contemporaries, however, the real interest of the book must lie in the remarkable evocation of the Oxford and London of those days, when all the world and Mr. Tom Driberg were young. Not least amusing is the part of the book in which he recalls the foundation of, and only ascent by, the "Balloon Union"—one of the more amusing incidents of our youth and one which I had almost forgotten.

It is curious to reflect that at the time of which Mr. Calder-Marshall writes, Mr. Winston Churchill was beginning the long period of exile from power—an exile so complete that I can distinctly recall in the months preceding the war the party Tadpoles and Tapers dismissing him as "finished" and that to the younger generation he was an almost unknown figure when war broke out. In the future some historian will settle down to write a definitive life of this great man. It will have to be in several volumes, as to compress this walking saga into a smaller compass will be virtually impossible. Mr. J. G. Lockhart, however, in his "Winston Churchill" in the Duckworth's "Great Lives" series (6s.), has done his best to compress a vast canvas into the compass of a miniature. Given the difficulties of his task he has, I think, succeeded. As somebody once said of Hilaire Belloc, "there are too many of him." Mr. Lockhart must have felt the same about Mr. Churchill. He has succeeded in producing a workmanlike and readable account of the great man. Mr. Churchill is still creating history, and it is therefore early days yet to assess the full measure of his greatness.

This little book, is however, a most handy reminder of the incredible versatility and the many vicissitudes of its subject. While on the subject of versatility, I must commend my friend and neighbour Mr. James Laver. Mr. Laver is keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design of the Victoria and Albert Museum. He is also an author, a lecturer and a broadcaster, has an admirable gift for light verse, is an authority on the theatre and, I suppose, the leading authority on the history of costume and dress in this country. In his new book: "Drama; Its Costume and Decor" (Studio; 30s.), he traces the history of the drama from its earliest beginnings to the present day. As Mr. Laver says: "We do not go to the theatre to worship the Gods, to confound our enemies, to stimulate the growth of cabbages in our allotments, nor even to promote the fertility of our wives. The man who should demand his money back from the box office on the ground that none of these purposes had been served by the play he had just witnessed would, rightly, in modern times, be regarded as a lunatic." Yet, as Mr. Laver rightly points out, the theatre at various times in its early history served all these purposes. For the theatre had its origin in magic, and Mr. Laver most amusingly and learnedly traces its progress through religion and decoration, literature and science, until in these days of psychology and symbolism it comes back to magic again. Indeed, one of our remote ancestors whose "theatre" was concerned with fertility rites and the propitiation of the Gods ("guilt-complex"?) could see Ibsen or the more modern psychological plays and could mutter: "This is where I came in." Mr. Laver has selected his own illustrations (there are more than 200 of them), and very charming they are.

To the landlubber (and one suspects to many a modern sailor, in these days of oil) references to a "Swimmie," a "Stackie," a "Boomie" or a "swim-headed barge" might sound themselves like references to a magical incantation. I suppose there can be few more lovely sights of an evening on the East Anglian marshes than that of the red or brown sails of the sailing-barges moving sedately down an estuary, their hulls hidden by "the sea-wall" (the high dyke walls of the river, built by the Dutch so many years ago) so that they appear disembodied. The sailing-barges are, as Mr. Frank G. G. Carr, Director of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, points out in "Sailing Barges" (Peter Davies; 30s.), exclusively English, and the last cargo-carriers still trading under sail alone in British waters. Like so many other beautiful and formerly useful things in this world, they appear to be doomed by the onward march of what is called "progress." The end is not quite yet, but when they finally perish they will find their epitaph in this book and one which has been written with loving care.

There is something very magical about fine photographs, and I can only assume that the famous photographer, Suschitzky, who illustrates "The Flying Poodle" (Harvill; 10s. 6d.) is a white magician. For this book, for all the charming text about Mandy the poodle, written by Roland Collins, is dependent on its magnificent photographs. I can only suggest that you buy it for your young—and keep it for yourself.

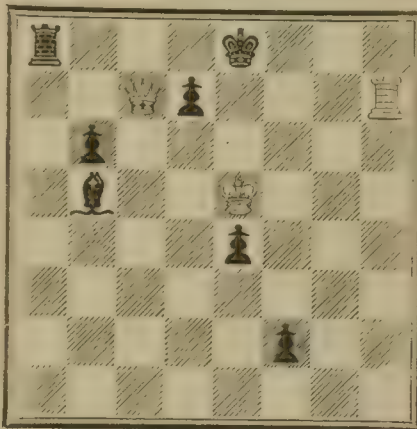
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is an old problem position: White to play and mate in four moves:

BLACK



WHITE

White could force mate in two by 1. Q-Q6, if it were not that Black, by castling, could evade mate for a long time. The key-move is 1. K-Q4! threatening 2. Q-K5ch. To the natural answer 1... R-R5ch, White replies 2. K-K5. As 3. Q-Kt8 mate is now threatening, Black must go back 2... R-R1.

The same position as we started from? Not quite! Black, having moved his rook, has forfeited his right to castle, so by 3. Q-Q6, White now forces mate next move.

Dr. Euwe noticed a similar theme in play at Gijon recently:

BLACK



WHITE

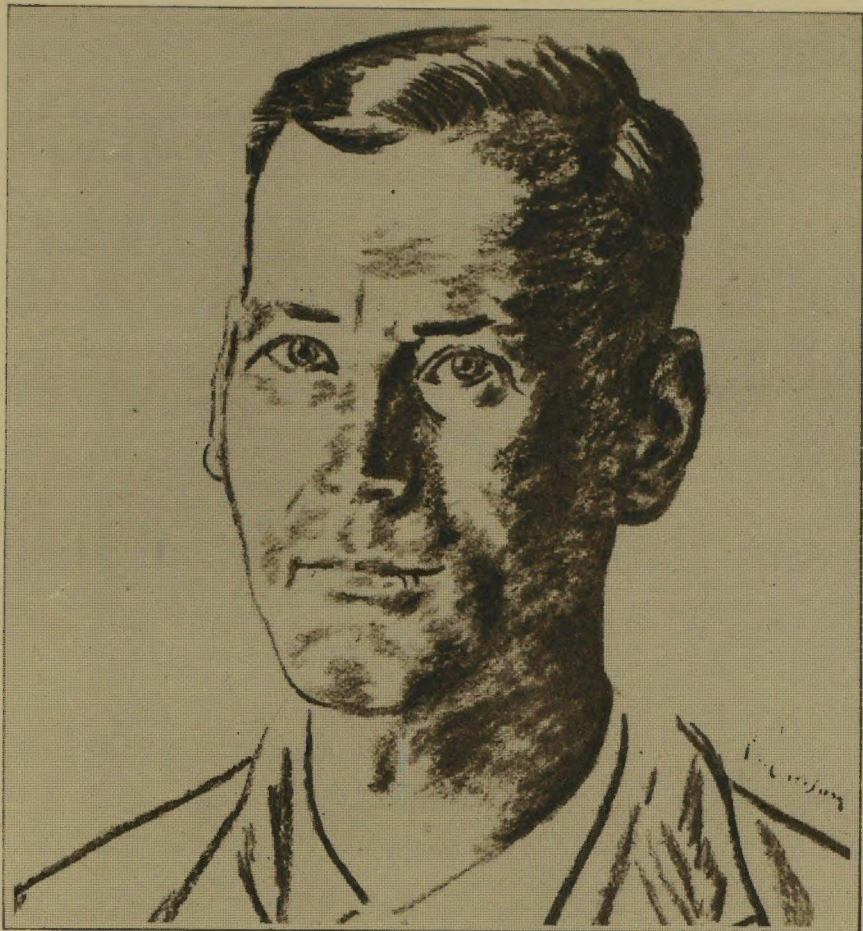
If Black (to move) plays 1... Q-B7, White by castling escapes all trouble.

But Black can play 1... Kt-Q6ch. As 2. K-B1, QxKtch is inadequate, White must go 2. K-K2 and, after 2... Kt-B5ch; 3. K-K1. . . .

The same position again? No; White has moved his king, so can no longer castle.

3... Q-B7! with horrid effect.

A quaint theme, don't you think?




Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

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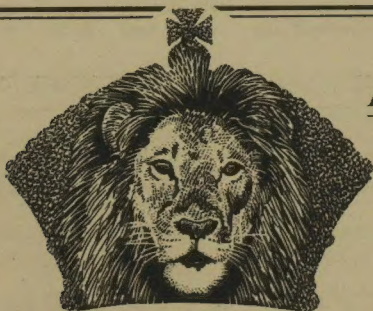


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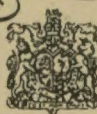
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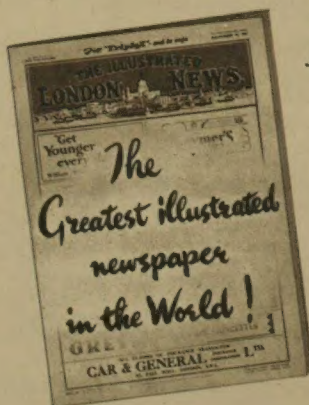
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